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stream, the other still on horseback, are approaching to put  
an end to the noisy scene; whilst a bare-footed boy, in the  
immediate foreground, bearing a gun, and holding in "slips"  
a couple of hounds, restrains them with difficulty, so eager  
are they to join the exciting contest that is going on before  
them. Taken altogether this is a most successful work, and  
it will no doubt be popular. The propriety of action, the  
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## To Correspondents.

"P. P."—Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book for 1851 was not reviewed in THE CRITIC, a copy not having been sent, as usual. We presume, therefore, that it is discontinued.

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THE CRITIC:  
LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL

## TO READERS.

THE tide continues to flow. Since the first of January we have received at the office no less than eight hundred and forty seven new subscribers, besides the great increase of general circulation by sale over the counter, the destination of which is, of course, unknown to us, and every day's post brings further accessions.

Should this influx of popularity continue, in a very few weeks THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL will be able to show the names and addresses of a body of Subscribers, such as, both in number and influence, could never before have been produced by any Literary Journal in this country.

That we are endeavouring to be still more worthy of the approval we are receiving, a glance at our columns will prove.

## VELOCITY AND NIMBLENESS.

To be nimble is not to be swift, any more than the glancing leap of the monkey or of the squirrel from tree to tree is like the rush of the lion. Yet we live in an age when nimbleness is greatly preferred to velocity. All the worse for the age that it is unthinking enough to make such a preference. Movement profiteth little unless there be a fixed purpose and a definite direction; and the nimblest animal in the world may spend the day in nothing but running up and down the same yard and-a-half of branch. If life were a long amusement it might be the most delicious of all occupations to watch, hour after hour, some graceful and happy creature dispensing with wings and flying like a bird among the rustling leaves and the trembling boughs. But life is the most solemn, the most awful of realities. To live is to have a more serious, a more important employment than every other. Life is an expenditure of forces with a plenitude of intention. Wherever there is an exuberance of vitality there can neither be quiescence nor irregular manifestation. If the line of Beauty be a curve, the line of Life, that is, the line of force, is always a straight line. What is weakness? A deviation from this line. What is wickedness? The same. The only sense in which Might and Right can be considered as equivalent is, where Right is taken for Rectitude,—Rectitude carrying with it, in such a case, the physical pith of its original meaning. Might and Right united constitute velocity; that is, Might developed in a straight line is Right. The confusion of all our ideas on such subjects is the double origin of the English language. In German, or in Latin, we have no difficulty in understanding that Might is Right. For in both languages the metaphysical idea of the two words suggests and is related to the physical idea. But in our own language, sprung mainly from Saxon and Latin elements, a word borrowed from the one tongue may, metaphysically applied, recal the physical idea, while another word, borrowed from the other tongue and likewise metaphysically applied, may not recal the physical idea when used in connection with the former word. Hence a perplexity in the English mind, which spreading downward and around is a source of moral chaos, and thus of moral death to English Society. For to the exact extent that you perplex the mind you corrupt the heart; since perplexity is dismemberment, and dismemberment is dissolution. The mind may be dark without being perplexed; and thus mere ignorance, however great, cannot be the cause of so much moral evil as perplexity. Indeed it is doubtful whether ignorance, by itself, be the source of any moral evil at all. The mere absence of the known is too entirely a negation to produce any positive results. It is imperfect knowledge which is so fertile a source of moral disease. The most important intellectual teaching is, therefore, instructing men to know what they know already, that is, instructing them to know clearly what at present they only know vaguely. For instance, we conceive that we have conquered something for the Kingdom of the Truth when we have shown that Might and Right are the correspondences of each other, solely in the sense that Velocity and Rectitude are equivalents. When Might seeks by the most tortuous policy and the most cruel means to accomplish its ends, it would be preposterous to call it Right: for here there is a twofold divergence from the straight line or the line of Rectitude. It is not all who can violate Right in this flagrant fashion, even if they had the disposition. Most men, in these days, adopt a less ambitious mode of violating it. They leave to NICHOLAS, the Czar, and his brother despots the odious work of trampling on and shackling Humanity, while they content themselves with that process of playing fast and loose with the Honest and the Honourable which I have named Nimbleness. For Nimbleness, though

an intellectual skill, is always a moral vice. To be nimble is to be so light, and floating, and airy, as to have as little root in the conscience as in the consciousness. The most notable example of Nimbleness which the world has ever seen, or perhaps ever will see, was VOLTAIRE. Now VOLTAIRE was not the monster that fanatical preachers, to point a period and make plausible a falsehood, have represented. He had noble and generous qualities not a few. He allied genius and talent in an incomparable manner. His wit was, what wit so seldom: akin to wisdom. He had, amid his worst defacements and devilries, amid the most detestable of his sneers and sophistries, a strong instinct of the Divine in the Universe. His heart was tender; his hand ever open to relieve the needy; he had a prompt susceptibility to beautiful emotions; for progress, tolerance, and other things, which have since become cants, he eloquently wrote, and was willing bravely to suffer. As to his vanity it is not proved that he was vainer than his countrymen usually are. His worst fault was, that he had that looseness and indistinctness of moral principle which is the common companion of intellectual nimbleness. Whatever was good in him was impulse, and therefore entirely dependent on circumstance and accident. Perpetually flitting from scene to scene, in the vast domain of literature, he could neither have anchorage in deep spiritual truths, nor valour and victory in a pertinacious career of duty. It is customary to denounce VOLTAIRE as a sceptic; but he never thought long or profoundly enough about anything to have that immense and intense doubt regarding it which scepticism implies. Neither could he be justly named an infidel; since infidelity involves the misuse or the misdirection, or the wreck of a capacity for faith. No; he was eminently nimble: this was his glory, this was his shame. It was his pride, and it has been the boast of his admirers that he was the most versatile of writers. But versatility is only another name for that which we have denominated nimbleness. True greatness cannot be, except where the moral frames the intellectual and gives it guidance. And with the nimble man this is altogether impossible. The nation to which VOLTAIRE belonged is famous, above all other nations, for its nimbleness. This has hitherto been spoken of merely as an intellectual peculiarity. But unquestionably it moulds the whole moral and social life of the French people. No country produces so many men of talent as France; in no land besides is a man of talent so signally and singularly a man of many talents. See how easy it is for a man of talent there to be at the same time journalist, historian, novelist, philosopher, orator, statesman, voluptuary, and a thousand things besides. We should like to know aught that a chartatan like THIERS would scruple to undertake or fail in accomplishing. Now this predominance of intellectual brilliancy and diversity cannot but be fatal to moral stability and excellence. And, as respects the French, this cannot be looked on as nothing more than a consequence of their first revolution, in opening a wider field to talent. It has been a cardinal feature of the French character at all periods of their history. And it will always be an enormous obstacle to their moral improvement and political progress. We should have more hope of France if its restless and gifted children could subside for a season into the torpidity of the dunce. Out of that torpidity a whole host of conquering velocities would come,—of Might's running in the straight line of Right, of grand and fecund talents bowing down in reverent homage to Rectitude. Next to the French the Irish are remarkable for nimbleness, though differing from them by having a more vivid imagination and more impetuous passions, and by having less of that mathematical instinct which associates itself so naturally with the love of order. The misfortune of the Irishman as of the Frenchman is, to possess too much talent and talents too

manifold; and hence follows an inevitable subordination of the moral being to the intellectual powers. Keen religious susceptibility and a feebleness of moral conviction are quite compatible, where, as in the Irish, nimbleness prevails. Where that prevails also, qualities however noble, and virtues however numerous, must be the solitary wealth of individuals, and cannot be poured into a common treasury so as to make a united and potent people. It is easy speculating on the causes which have kept Ireland the poorest and most disorganized of all countries by the side of the most prosperous and the most organized of all. We maintain the cause of causes to be the nature of the Irish race, a race so rich in faculty but so destitute in that which guides faculty. We say this from no wish to excite prejudice, from no wish to depreciate or misrepresent. If the Irishman has all the superiority which nimbleness bestows, he cannot avoid being cursed by all the inferiority which it of necessity entails. As a rule, those nations flourish most which are the least troublesome to govern, but this can only be in a nation composed of men who have a strong tendency to self-government; and self-government is merely another word for expressing the obedience of the intellect to the Moral Principle, the propulsion of Might in the direction of Right, that velocity which is identical with Rectitude. Among ancient nations the most distinguished for nimbleness were the Greeks. Yet their whole life was so hallowed by the radiance of the Beautiful that their nimbleness seemed like a continual flash and sparkle of glory from the skies. He who ponders well on the Greeks, however shrewdly he may see their faults, will scarcely wish them to have been other than they were. Art becomes almost as holy as Duty when it consecrates and idealizes that proportion, that harmony which so sublimely indicates God's presence in creation. It were not well if all were Greeks; yet it is well for the world that there have been Greeks. It would be wrong to suppose that the Greeks were not earnest; perhaps no people were ever so thoroughly earnest; but it was an earnestness hammered into heat on the anvil of mind, and drawing little of its fire from the dread abyss of conscience where demons and archangels fight for the victory. If they descended for a moment, now and then, into that abyss, it was only in order, that as dramatists, they might the better picture the agonies of remorse. Even SOCRATES, whom it has become the custom lately to overrate and to write all sorts of paradoxes about, belonged to the realm of nimbleness more than to that of velocity. To refuse him a high rank, as a moral teacher, would be absurd. But in him, as in all the other Greek philosophers, we observe intellect fluttering with its manifold wings round conscience, not conscience burning in the brain. The Romans were a nation with small nimbleness but prodigious velocity. They were great by force; by force they conquered the world. But this force rushed in so direct a line and fell with such crushing effect, because it was hurled hot from the amourey of Right. They were the mightiest of conquerors, because they were the justest of conquerors; and they were the most clement of conquerors because justice alone inspires true clemency. All lasting strength is moral. The Romans might have attained empire by valour, but they could not have kept it and established and increased it, century after century, unless they had been inflexibly just,—far more just than all the other ancient nations. Their want of nimbleness, however, drove them to imitate both in art and literature. With the exception of CICERO they had no man even of apparent nimbleness; and though CICERO attempted and excelled in so many departments of literary effort, yet he remained in them all the mere rhetorician. Of modern nations the English are most distinguished for velocity. They are difficult to excite; but their force, once roused, always goes in a straight line, always goes in the direction of Right. The

English, are by nature, Conservatives, just as much as they are, by nature, Reformers. Mere liberalism, dealing, as it incessantly does, in long speeches that lead to nothing, is altogether alien to their character. Liberalism has a necessary affinity with nimbleness, as Conservative Reform with velocity. The English are the greatest conquerors, at present, in the world, because they have a profounder veneration for justice than the rest of mankind. In this they resemble the Romans. And their conquests will be still more durable than theirs. The Scotch are deficient in nimbleness to a striking degree, and their velocity, though considerable, is hampered by silly scrupulosities which they mistake for Justice and Right, and a fanatical narrowness which they mistake for Religion. THOMAS CARLYLE is the most Titanic velocity that has yet burst from the Scottish soil. Previous to him BURNS had that glory. It may be thought that Sir WALTER SCOTT refutes our statement, that the Scotch have no nimbleness. But though he wrote on such a variety of topics, and in manners so varied, still the single faculty culminating in them all is an unrivalled skill in pictorial delineation. Though the Germans are not nimble, yet GOETHE is perhaps the writer most notable for nimbleness that has appeared since the time of VOLTAIRE. SCHILLER had no nimbleness; for though he tried all kinds of literary work yet we observe in them all one leading feature, lyrical fervour in a rhetorical dress. Germany is a vast magazine of unused and defeated velocities: of velocities which make one gigantic step and then stop for ever. Poor duped and dozing Germany: will anything ever deliver thee from the enchantment of thy spectral dreams? A very ridiculous phenomenon is the affectation of nimbleness. Of this LORD BROUGHAM is a memorable example. Perhaps he is a far sincerer man than he gets credit for, and probably he is infinitely more honest than those who assail him, for his faithlessness to that god of commonplace persons,—Consistency, and which they confound with truthfulness; truthfulness itself often conducting to an immense amount of apparent inconsistency. It is not the stupid charge of inconsistency which we should ever think of bringing against LORD BROUGHAM, because it is one which could be brought with still more force against Sir ROBERT PEEL, who is now universally admitted to have been one of the sincerest and most honest of men. Our quarrel with BROUGHAM is for the little tricks to which he has so frequently resorted in order to pass for a universal genius. He was born an orator, born, however, with talents for little else than eloquence. But the morbid desire of appearing versatile, rather than the vulgar love of notoriety, has tormented his whole existence, thwarted his noblest aspirations, diminished his influence, and sullied his fame. Still more madly, in the same disastrous path, has BULWER wandered, whilst the affectation of nimbleness, in his case, is accompanied by a pomposity, a vanity, a pedantry, and a pretence which BROUGHAM most heartily despises. BULWER is a great novelist of the melodramatic school. But when he ventures to write on Athens and the Athenians, and turns poet, or essayist, or critic, and strives to rival on the stage SHAKESPEARE or SHERIDAN, and makes excursions into other regions, and gets heavy diners-out to cry him up in pseudo-liberal weekly newspapers, as an Admirable CRICHTON we feel hugely inclined to tell the man to stick to his novels. Still worse than the affectation of nimbleness is the affectation of velocity by the inherently nimble. We have rather an unsavory specimen of this in LORD JOHN RUSSELL, whose dexterity in the fluent utterance of certain political traditions which had pith, point, and suggestiveness in them fifty years ago, but which have no majesty or meaning in them now, made him and his friends believe that he was gifted with the comprehensive glance, the wisdom, the weighty energy, the prompt action of the statesman.

For the results of this blunder, tragical as well as comical, we send our readers to the newspapers. Among professions, perhaps that of a lawyer gives more nimbleness than any other to him who does not naturally possess it. There is a velocity which looks like nimbleness, but which is only an unusually accelerated velocity. Such is that appertaining to our brethren in the United States. If it were nimbleness there would be no hope for that country; the doom that has so often been foretold could not fail to befall it. But as it is Velocity, though rather of the railroad sort, we may be sure that all will be right in the end. In our own country, at present, the Nimblenesses have rather more sway than we like, from fashionable Premiers down to fashionable Preachers, and fashionable Lecturers. But in a year or two the turn of the Velocities will come: and if we belong to that race which is the true and noble English race, we shall not regret that we have waited our time and have resisted the temptation to turn Harlequins of Nimbleness.

KENNETH MORENCY.

#### REDEMPTION OF MORTGAGES AND LOANS.

WE have to announce to our readers a most important modification of their admirable plan for the Redemption of Mortgages and Loans, and for the conversion of Leaseholds into the value of Freeholds, by the application of the principle of Assurance, which has just been adopted by the *Law Property Assurance and Trust Society*.

The principle of their plan is this: On payment of a small Annual Premium by a person contracting a Mortgage or Loan, or purchasing a Leasehold, the Society grants a Policy, whereby it undertakes, at the end of a certain number of years, to pay off the Mortgage or Debt, or to repay the purchase money at the expiration of the Lease. But, inasmuch as circumstances might change, and parties might be desirous at some future time of discontinuing their Policies, the Society engages, upon a Policy being dropped, to repay to the holder nine-tenths of the amount of Premiums paid.

But now, after a careful estimate, with the aid of their distinguished Actuary, Mr. NEISON, and with his full approval, the Board have resolved, instead of returning only nine-tenths, to RETURN THE WHOLE AMOUNT OF PREMIUMS PAID upon all Policies which the holders may desire to discontinue at any time after five years, and on participating policies the accumulated profits in addition. This arrangement will make these Policies very valuable property, and a most safe and profitable mode of investment, as a glance at the Table of Premiums to be paid will prove.

To make the advantages still greater, Mr. NEISON has prepared three Tables of Rates, so as to suit all classes and circumstances.

- 1st. An Unredeemable Table.
- 2nd. A Redeemable Table.
- 3rd. A Deposit Table.

The first is a table with very low rates of premiums for Redemption of Mortgages or Assurance of Leaseholds, where the Policy is not to be redeemable, but to lapse if not kept up.

The second is the present Table of Premiums (as in the Advertisement), where the Policy may be dropped at any time after five years, and the total amount of Premiums paid upon it will be returned to the holder.

The third is an entirely novel arrangement, for the convenience of persons desirous of profitably investing small sums for short periods, with the power of drawing out the whole, or any portion, at a short notice. In fact, to give the advantage of the Savings' Bank for larger sums than are permitted to be deposited there. Thus: A person may agree to deposit a certain sum, or so much per month, for one, two, three, or more years, for which



interest will be paid, with power to draw out the whole or any portion of it at any time, on giving a month's notice.

It may be as well to add here, that, for facilitating the business of the Collection and Guarantee of Rents, Tithes, Interest and Trust Moneys, House and Estate Agents will be appointed in all parts of the country as Agents of the Society for this purpose, their advantage consisting in the absolute security they will thus be able to give to their employers, who will look to the Society for payment, and who may also obtain from the Society a Guarantee for the amount of their Rents or Tithes, and payment of them in *advance*.

How the Society is flourishing, may be judged from these facts, for the truth of which we can vouch.

All the Shares are subscribed, and, in order to supply applicants, the Board have already given notice of forfeiture of all shares not paid up, so that they may be re-allotted.

Upwards of 150 Policies have been already issued; and the income of the Society from Premiums already exceeds 1400*l.* per annum!

#### REVERSIONARY INTEREST AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY.

A SOCIETY for the profitable business of the purchase of Reversions and Policies of Assurance, is now in progress of formation, the business to be conducted at the establishment and by the Board and Officers of *The Law Property Assurance and Trust Society*, so as to save the cost of a distinct establishment. This Society will be formed of shares of 25*l.*, only 1*l.* per share to be called for at once, and at intervals of not less than three months. Interest at *four per cent.* per annum to be paid upon all sums paid up, and the *profits* to be divided periodically.

Every reader is acquainted with the profitable nature of this business; and, as it is absolutely *without any risk whatever*, inasmuch as the money is all invested in actual property, it forms as safe an investment as the funds, with *certainty* of large dividends, and the calls are so regulated that each person may lay by just such a sum as he pleases every year, by taking such a number of shares as will meet his means, calculating that he will have to invest 4*l.* per annum on each share.

The Prospectus will be found among the Advertisements, and its association with *The Law Property Assurance and Trust Society* is the best pledge of its respectability, and that persons desirous of investing advantageously may here do so with entire safety.

#### INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW.

(From *The New York Literary World*.)

In an article in *The Literary World* of the date of Jan. 25, it was urged, as a "practical suggestion for the World's Fair," that "a meeting of authors and others, in a common interest (of whom there will be, doubtless, a general representation at the coming Exhibition), be held at London in the spring of '51, to arrange a general understanding among the nations, by which the authors of all countries shall enjoy their rights, in full, in every other; and that every restriction or denial by which they have been heretofore disfranchised, shall be removed at once and for ever." A similar idea seems to have presented itself simultaneously to our contemporary, the *London Athenæum*. That journal of the date of Jan. 18, received by the steamer *Africa*, suggests "that in the coming summer, when the notables of America—and probably a sufficient representation of all the notables of Europe—will be present, a literary congress should be held to discuss the interests of literature, and to form an international society, having for object to get a new and friendly law adopted by nations. If the literary men of England would at once assume the initiative—meet together, name a provisional committee, and call especially on their transatlantic brethren—there is yet time for such preliminary action on the other side of the water as would be needed, to give to a certain number of literary men coming hither, an official and representative character—a right to speak in behalf of American literature. But these measures, to be

successful, must be adopted with no further loss of time. The booksellers, too, should be up and stirring. The work will be half accomplished the moment the first steps are taken. There has, perhaps, never been a time so propitious for laying the principle on a broad basis." Thus far for *The Athenæum*. Its spirit is hopeful, and its recommendation as reasonable. There is but one opinion, we believe, among the literary men of this country on this subject. We have had opportunity to test it, and found it uniformly bearing witness to the right and expediency of a general international copyright. What the authors of the country could do by argument in book, pamphlet, and newspaper, they have done. An organization, the "American Copyright Club," with Mr. BRYANT for its President, was effected. The legislature at Washington has been memorialized again and again. Bills have been drafted in both houses. A favourable report was once made by Mr. CLAY, in the Senate. An untoward accident, the bursting of the Paixhan gun on board *The Princeton*, with the loss of the members of the Cabinet, once defeated the action of a committee of the House. A new session of Congress at another time broke up a favourable committee of that body, on the eve of reporting a bill. But with all this, nothing has yet been accomplished at Washington. The topic has not, as yet, been introduced in any President's Message, as a desirable international act. In the meantime the justice and expediency of the measure have received new demonstrations. The interest of writers on both sides of the Atlantic have grown steadily with the progress of the times. In a moral, and fraternal, and equitable view, the question is stronger now than ever it was. As a question of balance of trade the American interest has advanced in Europe. Our books are more in demand there, and our authors would receive more by the proposed act. We have pointed out the cessation of a copyright privilege of our authors in England, for which our country has given no equivalent. For the interests of our booksellers, the telling disclosures of the correspondence between Mr. PUTNAM and the Messrs. HARPER, published in our last number, touching the republication of Mr. BURROW'S *Lavengro*, surely speak for the proposed law in no equivocal language. There is now no protection for the American bookseller in the enjoyment of his uncopyrighted property. It may, and probably will, be seized whenever it is of importance enough to attract the attention of trade competition. The Correspondence we have alluded to reads like a bookseller's version of "the well known fable of Æsop," of the Wolf and the Lamb. At least we are left to gather from the innuendos and allusions of these documents, which are not so definitely "elucidated" as could be desired, that there is no fixed code among publishers for the appropriation of the books of English authors, or any system of agreement among themselves whatever. If there is any, we should like to know what it is, that we may weigh its importance, and do justice to all parties. *Tros Tyrinus*, HARPER or PUTNAM, makes no sort of difference to us in the question.

With these impressions of the favourable of opinions all authors, and a majority of the "trade," we presume there would be no difficulty in getting up a meeting to appoint delegates to act in the matter, as occasion should arise, at the World's Fair. We will cheerfully promote any movement tending to secure the mutual rights of British and American authors. Should the former, as *The Athenæum* intimates, commence any action, it should be seconded promptly on this side.

The direct mode of action, however, we take to be this. Memorialize the powers in Downing-street and the Cabinet in Washington to propose in the most solemn and authoritative manner, at the highest source of influence, an international treaty—which shall become subject of diplomatic correspondence, and be negotiated between Washington and London. When such a treaty, framed by the united wisdom of a PALMERSTON and a WEBSTER, is brought before the Senate, backed as it will be by the morality of the nation, it will doubtless secure the ready and favourable consideration of that treaty-making department of our Government. Newspaper and pamphlet discussion has prepared the way. We need now diplomatic action.

#### PHILOSOPHY.

*Lectures on Social Science and the Organization of Labour.* By JAMES HOLE. London: Chapman.

ANOTHER treatise on Socialism. But like all others that we have seen, it propounds no definite plan for the improvement of the social condition of the world. Mr. HOLE finds great fault with the present system, and he talks largely about some desirable substitute for it, but he does not distinctly describe what that substitute should be. This, we observe, is the case with all the English Socialists. Their ablest organ, *The Leader*, never puts forth the plan of a distinct measure of improvement, so as to enable the world to judge whether

it would gain anything by a change. Now this is not fair. Mere fault-finding is not wisdom. A philosopher has no right to seek to undo, unless he is also prepared to reconstruct, and his plan for rebuilding should precede an attempt to pull down or to make the inhabitants discontented with their habitation. For our own parts, we would forbid any politician to find fault with any system or law, unless he accompanied his objections with a definite plan for its improvement. What a world of useless words would this save? If there had been such a rule, Mr. HOLE would not have written this book, or at least he would have advanced further with it, and given us the benefit of his plan for remedying the evils he describes. This absence of definite measures proves that the Socialist philosophers are mere theorists. They are, in truth, directed much more by sentiment than by reason.

#### SCIENCE.

*The Book of Nature: an Elementary Introduction to the Sciences of Physics, Astronomy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Botany, Zoology, and Physiology.* By FRIEDRICH SCHOEDLER, Ph. D. Edited from the fifth German Edition. By HENRY MEDLOCK, F.C.S. First Division. Griffin and Co.

THIS work has attained a fifth edition in its original language, and in Germany it is adopted as the *first book* of all students of science. A glance at its contents will satisfy the reader that it deserves its great reputation. It is a *systematic* view of the whole realm of Science, showing what has been learned of it, and thus what there is to be learned, and in what our knowledge is deficient.

German-like, it opens with a series of definitions. "By the term *Nature* we understand the tenor or the united totality of all that can be perceived by the senses." They are "the media between Mind and Nature." "It is impossible for the mind to form a conception of any one part of Nature, unless it be sensuously represented to it."

Consequently, if the mind wishes to become acquainted with Nature, it must employ the senses as principal guides; it must despatch these its servants into the unknown domains of Nature, and form its conceptions and ideas in conformity with the information obtained through sensuous means. Futile will be the endeavours of the most ingenious mind, which attempts to investigate or expound Nature either as a whole or in individual parts, on purely reflective or logical principles. We must refer constantly to the evidence of our senses: for the history of scientific progress clearly proves that those who have neglected or despised the guidance of their senses, and who would comprehend Nature on purely intellectual principles, have been led farthest astray.

The attentive consideration of Nature we call *observation*, and to observe with a view of understanding is called *investigation*. When we perform certain operations or fulfil certain conditions, in order to observe an appearance more accurately, this action is called an *experiment*. Things perceptible at once, both to sight and feeling, we call *objects*. Appearances perceptible only by one of our senses we call *phenomena*. In *objects* and *phenomena* all Nature is revealed to us.

We shall best explain this by extracting his own illustration of his definitions.

If we attentively consider an object, we are sensible that it does not always present the same appearance. Certain changes are easily perceptible. Sometimes it changes its place, sometimes its figure, sometimes, its colour; in a word, every object is to be seen under a greater or less striking variety of accidents or aspects.

What is the origin or foundation of these appearances,—whence arise these mutations to which objects are constantly subject?

We will endeavour to answer this question by a familiar example.

There lies a stone on the ground. Suppose I lay hold of it and lift it up.

The stone by this action evidently changes its position, and we perceive that a motion is communicated to it. The stone is the *object*, and the motion is the *phenomenon*.

What now was the ground or the cause of this phenomenon of motion?

Nobody will, in this case, doubt that it was my will, my individual act, which by the laying hold of, and the

lifting up of the stone, communicated the motion, and caused the change of place.

But what happens if I cease to retain the stone, if I open my hand and withdraw it? Does the stone retain the same position when my hand has been withdrawn?

By no means, it remains neither suspended nor hovering in the air; the moment I withdraw my hand it falls to the ground.

Moreover, we have here a phenomenon of motion which is independent of our will. For if, at the very instant the stone is relinquished, we express the most decided desire for its remaining where we leave it, it will fall to the ground notwithstanding.

It is indifferent, as experience proves, to what height we may lift up the stone; under similar conditions, all objects will manifest the same phenomena.

There must necessarily be a cause present, which produces in all objects the phenomenon of falling—a cause altogether independent of human volition—a cause which is invisibly united to every object, and is essential to its existence.

Thus, in the observation of Nature we have first, to comprehend *Objects* and the *Phenomena* they manifest: then to account for their *causes*, and this knowledge we call *Natural Science*.

Let us now take a view of nature under the twofold aspect of *Objects* and *Phenomena*.

The best means of obtaining this general idea of natural objects and natural appearances, will be to take a walk, and consider well whatever presents itself to our senses. We directly perceive many and very various objects. The fields and commons are covered with verdure, plants, weeds, grass, &c.; the distant hills are crowned with heath, or broom, or woods, or forests. In the vale at their feet the clear brook purles or glides along, its banks bordered by a denser and loftier vegetation, while in the atmosphere the clouds chase each other in rapid succession, and their shadows skim over the green surface of the ground. Complete rest and stillness are nowhere to be seen. Leaves rustle, branches wave, the flowing water eddies and ripples, everywhere we meet with the most varied forms of animal life in incessant impulsive activity. What a multitude of objects! what a multiplicity of phenomena! Where shall we commence our research? How shall we comprehend the individual in the constantly-moving panorama of Nature?

The amplitude of the subject, and its various aspects, amaze and distract us: we feel discouraged in our efforts to obtain a right apprehension of what we behold; we return home little instructed by our walk.

But even here, within our four walls, how manifold and multifarious are the objects capable of arresting our attention! The warmth radiating from the grate, the disappearance of the wood consumed by the fire, the hissing and bubbling of the water boiling in the tea-urn—all these are phenomena which claim our observation. What remarkable properties are exhibited by the glass-furnishings of the room! The window-panes transmit unaltered the appearance of external objects; our spectacles increase their apparent magnitude; our mirror presents a faithful likeness of ourselves.

These are, in truth, things which we daily see, and with which every one is acquainted; but if we inquire into the proximate causes of such phenomena we perceive that it is not easy to extemporize a satisfactory solution.

Thus with the materials and objects of investigation, we are always and everywhere supplied. But we cannot study the whole at once. We require a plan to show us where to begin, and how to proceed in our survey of Nature, that we may attain to an orderly comprehension of her multifarious aspects and manifold phenomena. With this view, we adopt a systematic treatment of the various subjects, making the sciences follow one another in a natural sequence.

The *Science of Objects*, commonly termed *Natural History*, he divides into three parts, Mineralogy, Botany, and Geology.

The *Science of Phenomena*, sometimes termed *Physics*, he also divides into three parts, Physics, Chemistry, and Physiology.

But although this is the natural arrangement of Science, it cannot, he thinks, be pursued by the young in this order. His reasons for this are very just:

This is the arrangement adopted in "The Book of Nature," with the express intention of making every earlier division more or less introductory to that which follows.

Another course must, however, be followed, if it be wished to initiate the young into the knowledge of Nature. The child more easily comprehends the relations of external forms, the magnitude of objects, their qualities, and other characteristics, than he does the

forces and the laws whereby phenomena are regulated. On these branches it is difficult for a child to acquire just notions, or even clear conceptions.

The animal kingdom displays the amplest materials for exciting the admiration, attention, and curiosity of children. And insects especially afford the greatest number of objects equally distinguished by beauty and variety. Every season, every day supplies them with living specimens always within reach. When they become more expert in observing and comprehending, with advancing age and frequent practice, they may be introduced through the vegetable to the mineral kingdom.

The study of physics and chemistry cannot usually be undertaken with advantage earlier than the age of fifteen.

In fine, a repeated survey of the external aspects of Nature, and a thoughtful contemplation of the physical laws by which they are united in one harmonious whole, will unveil a larger portion of her secrets than we have been able to accomplish, and reduce under the intellectual dominion of the zealous student the rough materials which he has collected by observation.

In the above order, however, does he treat them, and his expositions are most lucid. There are few who will not follow him with pleasure as well as with profit through his masterly exposition of the principles and primary laws of Science, and in which material assistance is afforded by the profusion of woodcuts with which the text is illustrated. It should certainly be made a class-book in schools.

*The Book of the Farm.* By HENRY STEPHENS. A New Edition. Part IV. London: Blackwood, and Co.

THIS fourth part of the most practical and elaborate work which we possess on the subject of Farming brings the work to a conclusion. It embraces the fullest directions to the Farmer for his *Autumn* practice, especially in reaping, in which he will be surprised to see how much there is for him to learn; then comes the *Stacking of Corn*, the *autumn care of sheep*, the *storing of potatoes*, followed by a long account of the special manures, and how to apply them, the rotation of crops, the fertility of soils, and the animals destructive to poultry.

The next division of the work treats of *Climate*, instructs the Farmer how he should estimate the rent he ought to pay, the covenants he should have in his lease, what he should do on entering a farm, the erection, arrangements, and furniture of a farm house, of which many estimates are supplied, the planting and care of hedges, the various plants useful for fences, and of the various kinds of fences with their cost, advantages and disadvantages; then a very copious section is devoted to draining, and the fullest account is given of all the many plans and the expenses of each, and the soils to which they are severally best adapted. Liming, water meadows, training of horses, dogs, &c., slaughtering, the choice of bulls and rams, breeding, hiring of farm servants, and their wages, bookkeeping, for which there are most ample instructions, and some miscellaneous topics, complete, with a very copious Index, a work, which at this time, when agricultural improvement is essential to profitable farming, should be in the hands of every owner and occupier of an estate. We should add that it is embellished with numerous woodcuts of unusual excellence.

*Land Drainage, Embankment and Irrigation.* By JAS. DONALD, Civil Engineer. London: Orr and Co.

A THOROUGHLY practical treatise, on the subjects named in the title-page. All the plans at present in use are carefully examined, their principles explained, and their several adaptations to various localities and soils familiarly shown. It is a valuable contribution to the cause of progressive agriculture.

## HISTORY.

*A Manual of Roman Antiquities.* By WILLIAM RAMSAY, M. A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow. London: Griffin and Co. 1851.

THIS forms another volume of the new Cabinet Edition of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, in which the original treatises have been revised and brought down to the present state of knowledge, and each one appearing in a small book of convenient size for reading; it may

be had alone, or as a part of the series, according to the reader's taste and means.

Mr. RAMSAY'S *Manual of Roman Antiquities* is one of the most valuable, and certainly the most laborious, of the treatises which has been published. It contains, indeed, all that is known at this moment of the *Mistress of the World*, her constitution, manners, and modes of life. It first describes the topography of Rome; then the origin of the Roman people, and their political and social organization from the earliest time; the principles of the Roman Constitution, and the rights of the different classes of persons who formed the population of the Roman Empire. The *Comitia*, the *Magistrates*, the *Senate*, are described in turn. He next treats of the *Public Lands* and the *Agrarian Laws*; the *Public Revenues*; *Law* and the *Administration of Justice*; *Religion*; the *Roman Calendar*, *Military and Naval Affairs*, *Weights and Measures*, *Coins*, *Computation of Money and Interest*, and, lastly, of the *Private Life of the Romans*.

It must not be supposed that, because this work forms a portion of an *Encyclopædia*, it is useful for reference only and not for reading. It is, on the contrary, peculiarly a book for the study and the school. It is by far the most complete picture of ancient Rome we have seen, and it is written in a singularly popular style, so as to be thoroughly readable. To add to its value, this new edition of it has been profusely embellished with woodcuts, illustrative of the objects described in the text. No library should be without this volume, nor should any student attempt to learn the history of Rome without having it by his side, and making those continual references to it which will so much advance his progress, by explaining whatever he finds doubtful or obscure in the text he is perusing.

*The Rise of the Papal Power traced in Three Lectures.* By ROBERT HUSSEY, D. D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History. Oxford: Parker.

DR. HUSSEY boldly enters the lists to dispute the very foundations of the claim of Rome to supremacy. He grapples with the historical fact, upon which her pretensions are erected, and challenges her rational followers to point out with certainty, where, in the history of the Church, the authority of the Bishop of Rome begins, and by whom it was conferred. Plainly it was not handed down from the death of CHRIST. "It grew up and increased by means of usurpations and frequent acts of oppression, favoured by the weakness of other parts of the Church and the vices of ages, often contrary to Christian charity and right."

We cannot attempt to follow the close logical argument and copious array of authorities with which the professor maintains his position; but at this time, when there is an attempt to yield that claim of Supremacy against our own Church, and when so many have fallen from us, and so many more are wavering under the influence of the dogmatic assertion of the Vatican, "Here only is truth and infallibility," such a powerful examination as this of the grounds for that pretension, will be read with profound interest, and will perform an incalculable service.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*Poems, by Hartley Coleridge; with a Memoir of his Life.* By his Brother. In 2 vols. London: Moxon.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE was the eldest son of COLERIDGE, the poet, inheriting much of his father's genius, and more of his eccentricity, which touched upon, if it did not pass, the uncertain boundary that separates eccentricity from madness. The memoir that his brother has prefixed to a collected edition of his poems, is a laboured apology for errors and extravagancies which can only be excused by referring them to the ungovernable impulses of insanity; and it would have been better and kinder to have confessed them thus, than to task fraternal regard for his brother's memory by unsuccessful efforts to palliate follies and frailties which are inexcusable in a rational being, and for indulgence in which, genius is entitled even to less of leniency than minds less splendidly



endowed by Providence. What those errors were; how those great natural gifts were disgraced by an ungovernable self-will and untamed passions, will be seen as we pursue this painful memoir, which we have placed in the department of Biography, because, to that alone shall we direct this notice, reserving the poems it introduces for future review in their proper places. There is enough of profound and most painful interest in the biography that occupies the greater portion of the first volume, to detain us for one paper, at least; perhaps, for a second.

"There is a meaning in every man's life,—a moral which may be studied with advantage. It has been said that the life of any man, however obscure, fully and faithfully recorded, if this were possible, would excite a deeper interest, and convey more needful instruction, than the annals of an empire." Upon this proposition, so plainly stated in his preface, Mr. DERWENT COLERIDGE philosophizes, drawing the conclusion that the duty of a biographer is stern impartiality, but applying it to his own case by protesting that this impartiality demands of him that he should display the bright side of his brother's conduct and character. He says of him:

But all who knew my brother with any degree of intimacy, are agreed that his written productions fall far, very far short of what he might, under happier circumstances, have achieved, whether as a poet and critic, or as an historian and political writer, or again, as a scholar and divine. All are agreed that he was in himself in a high degree remarkable and interesting; not solely or so much on the score of his mental endowments, and of the rare conversational faculty by which he made them known and felt, as of the peculiarity of his character,—the strange idiosyncrasy of his moral and intellectual nature. It was impossible to give publicity to his writings, except in the most sparing extracts, without letting much of this appear. They present an image of the man, but broken and imperfect as a reflection upon troubled water. It seemed desirable to complete the picture. They point to "a foregone conclusion." It seemed better that this should be stated faithfully and distinctly, than that it should be supplied by vague conjecture and uncertain report.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE, the poet's eldest son, was born at Clevedon, in Somerset, on the 19th of September, 1796. His father was accidentally absent when he first beheld the light, having come before his time into this troublous world. But, from the moment he beheld him, the boy was passionately loved by the parent, and their affection continued undisturbed through life. HARTLEY adored his father; COLERIDGE felt more than a mother's affection for his son—strange though he was in aspect, manners, and conduct.

His appearance was as singular as his character, and, perhaps, to some extent influenced it. He was very short, with a fell of hair that half hid the wildness of his eyes. But, to a father's gaze, he was beautiful; and thus was he apostrophized by the eloquent tongue of him who hung over his cradle:

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,  
Whose gentle breathings heard in this deep calm,  
Fill up the interspersed vacancies  
And momentary pauses of the thought!  
My Babe, so beautiful! it thrills my heart  
With tender gladness, thus to look on thee,  
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,  
And in far other scenes! For I was rear'd  
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,  
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.  
But thou, my Babe, shalt wander like a breeze  
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags  
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds,  
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores  
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear  
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible  
Of that eternal language which thy God  
Utters, Who from eternity doth teach,  
Himself in all, and all things in Himself.  
Great universal Teacher! He shall mould  
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

How truly he had prophesied the future career of his child, the poet then little dreamed! Again, in his poem entitled "The Nightingale," he addresses him thus:

That strain again?  
Full fain it would delay me? My dear Babe,  
Who, capable of no articulate sound,  
Mars all things with his imitative lip,  
How he would place his hand beside his ear,  
His little hand, the small fore-finger up,

And bid us listen! And I deem it wise  
To make him Nature's Playmate. He knows well  
The evening star; and once when he awoke  
In most distressful mood, (some inward pain  
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream,)  
I hurried with him to our orchard plot,  
And he beheld the moon, and, hush'd at once,  
Suspended his sobs, and laughs most silently,  
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropp'd tears,  
Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam. Well,  
It is a Father's tale: but if that Heaven  
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up  
Familiar with these songs, that with the night  
He may associate joy.

In the autumn of 1800, COLERIDGE went to reside at the Lakes, and was soon afterwards joined there by SOUTHEY.

From a very early age, HARTLEY showed a tendency to metaphysical inquiry, and was "remarkable for far-fetched fancies." He would pour out his strange speculations, and weave his wild inventions, believing in his own tale." His reading was desultory, and his progress in knowledge not remarkable. He began Greek before Latin.

At ten years old, he had learned to mark with interest the course of public events, and to engage in discussion on them. At that time he was taken to London by WORDSWORTH, to the residence of Mr. BASIL MONTAGUE, and a letter from Mrs. MONTAGUE preserves the following reminiscences of

#### HARTLEY'S CHILDHOOD.

He was a most extraordinary child, exhibiting at six years old the most surprising talent for invention. At eight years of age he had found a spot upon the globe which he peopled with an imaginary nation, gave them a name, a language, laws, and a senate; where he framed long speeches, which he translated, as he said, for my benefit, and for the benefit of my neighbours, who climbed the garden-wall to listen to this surprising child, whom they supposed to be reciting pieces from memory. About this time he wrote a tragedy; and being at a loss in winding up the catastrophe, applied to his father, who excited his indignation by treating the matter too lightly, when he said "he should inform the public that the only bad lines in the tragedy were written by Mr. Coleridge, senior!" He called this nation the "Ejuxrii;" and one day, when walking very pensively, I asked him what ailed him. He said, "My people are too fond of war, and I have just made an eloquent speech in the Senate, which has not made any impression on them, and to war they will go."

The Theatres made an extraordinary impression upon his imaginative mind. Plays appeared to him as realities, and suggested a thousand day-dreams, making him more visionary than ever. He peopled every place about him with imaginary beings, and feigned for it a whole history. He mapped out a field close to the house, which had a stream running through it, with an ideal geography, and filled it with nations, and gave to each nation its inhabitants, constitution, laws and manners, and thus, as it were, projected a world of his own creation; and, in this imaginary world, "day after day, for the space of long years, he went on evolving the complicated drama of existence. He even invented the names of generals and statesmen, feigned the jars of faction, and traced the course of sedition, changed governments, exhibited the march of public opinion, and evolved a new order of things." Was there ever a more wonderful dream for a boy, who had scarcely ceased to be a child!

His usual mode of introducing the subject was—"Derwent," calling me by my name (for these disclosures in latter years were made to me alone), "I have had letters and papers from Ejuxria." Then came his budget of news, with appropriate reflections, his words flowing on in an exhaustless stream, and his countenance bearing witness to the inspiration—shall I call it?—by which he was agitated. Nothing could exceed the seriousness of his manner, and doubtless of his feelings. He was, I am persuaded, utterly unconscious of invention; and if the early age in which this power was exercised be remarkable, the late period to which it was continued was not less so. I have reason to believe that he continued the habit mentally, from time to time, after he left school, and of course had no longer a confidant; in this, as in many other ways, continuing a child.

Scarcely less curious, and perhaps even more characteristic of my brother's strangely constituted mind, was another visionary habit of his earlier boyhood, of which, however, I should find it more difficult to convey an

adequate notion. Whatever he had seen in London, theatres, Tower, laboratory, or chemistry-house, as he called it—whatever struck his fancy in reading, armies, ships, battles by sea and land, news, negotiations, alliances, diplomacy—he thought to reproduce in little in his own play-ground, though in fact he had not a particle of mechanic ingenuity, and took the whole process for granted. This, it will be said, is a common instinct and trick of childhood—but in the scale of his projects, the extravagance of his inventions, and the power by which he imposed upon himself and his associates, as if the whole would really be brought to pass, of which the smallest portion was never actually commenced, I have neither seen nor heard of anything like it. These were his "future plans," as he called them—an ominous name.

His school days were passed at Ambleside, with a master not very profoundly learned, but of high character, and the very soul of honour. At school, he did not share the usual sports of boys: "He passed his time in reading, walking, dreaming to himself, and telling his dreams to others." He surpassed them, all however, in one faculty:

#### HARTLEY'S STORIES.

It was not by a series of tales, but by one continuous tale, regularly evolved, and possessing a real unity, that he enchaind the attention of his auditors, night after night, as we lay in bed (for the time and place, as well as the manner in which he carried on his witchery, might have been adopted from Scheherazade), for a space of years, and not unfrequently for hours together. This enormous romance, far exceeding in length, I should suppose, the compositions of Calprenede, Sander, or Richardson, though delivered without premeditation, had a progressive story, with many turns and complications, with salient points recurring at intervals, with a suspended interest varying in intensity, and occasionally wrought up to a very high pitch, and at length a final catastrophe and conclusion. Whether in the sense of Aristotle it could be said to have had a beginning, a middle, and an end, whether there was a perfect consistency, and subordination of parts, I will not trust my recollection to decide. There was certainly a great variety of persons sharply characterised, who appeared on the stage in combination and not merely in succession. In the conception of these, my impression is that very considerable power was evinced. He spoke without hesitation, in language as vivid as it was flowing. This power of improvisation he lost, or conceived himself to lose, when he began the practice of written composition.

The moral of the tale, though neither very original nor particularly edifying, was characteristic both of himself and of the time. It turned upon the injustice of society, and the insufficiency of conventional morals to determine the right or wrong of particular actions.

He had the inestimable advantage, however, of the very best society. He was in almost daily intercourse with, and an attentive listener to the discourse of, COLERIDGE, SOUTHEY, WORDSWORTH, LLOYD, WILSON, and DE QUINCEY, and by all of them he was much noticed and petted.

Before we proceed to the story of his errors as a man, it is but fair to see what was his character, physical as well as moral, as a child:

#### HARTLEY'S CHILDHOOD.

My brother's life at school was so blameless—he seemed, and was, not merely so simple, tender-hearted, and affectionate, but so truthful, dutiful, and thoughtful—so religious, if not devout, that if his after-years had run in a happier course, the faults of his boyhood might well have been overlooked, and nothing seen but that which promised good. An eye sharpened for closer observation may, in the retrospect, descry the shadow of a coming cloud. A certain infirmity of will, the specific evil of his life, had already shown itself. His sensibility was intense, and he had not wherewithal to control it. He could not open a letter without trembling. He shrank from mental pain,—he was beyond measure impatient of constraint. He was liable to paroxysms of rage, often the disguise of pity, self-accusation, or other painful emotion—anger it could hardly be called—during which he bit his arm or finger violently. He yielded, as it were, unconsciously to slight temptations, slight in themselves, and slight to him, as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition. It looked like an organic defect—a congenital imperfection.

And so, beyond doubt, it was, as any person acquainted with mental physiology would have no hesitation in asserting: yet does the bio-

grapher add, "I do not offer this as a sufficient explanation." If it does not satisfy him, it will certainly satisfy nine-tenths of his readers.

He left school in 1814, at a time when his father was in the worst stage of his malady, natural and artificial. Wanting thus the means for pursuing his education at college, he lived with his afflicted parent for some time at the hospitable GILLMAN's, and then, mainly through the exertions of SOUTHEY, his relatives and friends subscribed a sum sufficient to send him to Oxford, as a scholar of Merton College. The Rev. A. DYCE has supplied these reminiscences of

HARTLEY COLERIDGE AT OXFORD.

If I had known Hartley later in his career, perhaps something painful might have mingled with my recollections of him; but I remember him only as a young man who possessed an intellect of the highest order, with great simplicity of character, and considerable oddity of manner.

His extraordinary powers as a converser (or rather a declaimer) procured for him numerous invitations to what are called at Oxford "wine-parties." He knew that he was expected to talk, and talking was his delight. Leaning his head on one shoulder, turning up his dark bright eyes, and swinging backwards and forwards in his chair, he would hold forth by the hour (for no one wished to interrupt him) on whatever subject might have been started—either of literature, politics, or religion—with an originality of thought, a force of illustration, and a facility and beauty of expression, which I question if any man then living, except his father, could have surpassed.

I have reason to believe that this display of eloquence did him some harm eventually at the University. Reports were rife that he was fond of inveighing against all establishments (a more unpardonable offence than his having been seen in his cap and gown buying a pennyworth of apples from an old woman in Oriel Lane), and very probably he had given cause for such reports being spread abroad by matter-of-fact persons, who could not distinguish between what he said when truth was his sole object, and what he uttered when he was declaiming merely to show his ingenuity in argument. I have little doubt he was no more serious in those supposed "attacks on Church and State" than he was when he maintained (as I have heard him do) that ages of darkness would again prevail in Europe, to the destruction of literature and the arts; (a catastrophe which the discovery of printing has rendered impossible;) or when he gravely asserted that, for all we knew, *dogs may have a language of smell*, and that what is to our organs a very disagreeable odour may be to the canine organs a most beautiful poem.

During the vacations he visited at SOUTHEY's; and here he met the Rev. CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSEND, who has supplied these further recollections of him:

It was, I think, in the summer of the year 1818, that I first saw your brother Hartley, during a visit that I was paying to Mr. Southey, at Greta Hall. I cannot easily convey to you the impression of interest which he made on my mind at that time. There was something so wonderfully original in his method of expressing himself, that on me, then a young man, and only cognisant externally of the prose of life, his sayings, all stamped with the impress of poetry, produced an effect analogous to that which the mountains of Cumberland, and the scenery of the north, were working on my southern-born eye and imagination.

It was the custom of Hartley at that time to study the whole day, and only towards the dusk of the evening to come forth for needful exercise and recreation. My attention was at first aroused by seeing from my window a figure fitting about amongst the trees and shrubs of the garden with quick and agitated motion. This was Hartley, who, in the ardour of preparing for his college examination, did not even take his meals with the family, but snatched a hasty morsel in his own apartment, and only, as I have said, sought the free air when the fading daylight no longer permitted him to see his books. Having found out who he was, that so mysteriously flitted about the garden, I was determined to lose no time in making his acquaintance; and through the instrumentality of Mrs. Coleridge, I paid Hartley a visit to what he called his den. This was a room afterwards converted by Mr. Southey into a supplementary library, but then appropriated as a study to Hartley, and presenting a most picturesque and student-like disorder of scattered pamphlets and open folios. Here I was received by Hartley with much urbanity and friendliness, and from that time we were a good deal together. Years have swept from my mind the particulars of our various conversations, yet the general impression on my

memory of eloquence and beauty will never pass away. We skimmed the fields of literature together; together we explored the fair and bright regions of metaphysics. Politics nearly excepted, we ran over every subject of human thought and inquiry, Hartley throwing upon all the light, I may say splendour, of his own fine intelligence. Religion was our frequent theme, and in this I had occasion to admire the profound knowledge of Hartley; the perfect view he had of free salvation by the only merits of Christ, and the large liberality of his sentiments.

He was placed in the second class at his examination, and afterwards obtained, with high distinction, a Fellowship at Oriel.

This was the end of his good fortune. He had not enjoyed his Fellowship for a year, when he was expelled from the College for alleged intemperance, although the truer cause was probably the freedom of his political opinions, which at this time we should call those of a moderate liberal, but which then were deemed destructive, and which he never attempted to disguise.

However, his brother admits that he had shown, for some time previously, a tendency to undue indulgence in liquor—the cause with him, as with others, of all his after errors. It is the foundation of all vice. Other causes operated in producing so harsh a sentence:

My brother's freedom of speech, and the undisguised tendency of his opinions, have already been mentioned. His unsuitableness to his position, as a member of a collegiate body, appeared in other ways. On one occasion, when I was with him for a few days, he entertained in his rooms a young man who had made himself obnoxious (justly, I doubt not), to college censures,—not from any sympathy with the man, or his pursuits, but from mistaken compassion, and a strong disposition, not sufficiently controlled by moral considerations, to side with the weaker party. Again, through awkwardness and habitual absence of mind, he was inattentive to forms, and inobservant of punctuality; and thus became involved in a maze of petty irregularities, from which he could never extricate himself.

After this blight was cast upon his fortunes, he proceeded to London—hoping to live by his pen. But he shrunk from labour, and that led to a habit of wandering and concealment. The explanation of this is easy enough. He possessed a great deal of self-esteem and love of approbation. His disgrace wounded them: he dreaded to be ill-received by his fellows: he lost heart for work, now that ambition was not luring him on.

After two years' endeavouring, he could not find a livelihood in the metropolis by a pen that could labour only by fits and starts, and he was invited to open a school at Ambleside: but for this he was still more unfitted. He took pupils—but the experiment failed. He could not maintain the necessary discipline, and his scholars left him one by one. Hear his own account of his task, addressed to his mother:

HARTLEY COLERIDGE ON SCHOOL-KEEPING.

For all the duties of a preceptor, except the simple communication of knowledge, I am as physically unfitted as dear papa for those of a horse-soldier. For a teacher who has to deal with females or young men, it may be sufficient if you can engage attention; but the master of school-boys must be able to command it, and this is a faculty not to be acquired. It depends upon the voice, the eye, and the nerve. Every hour that I spent with my pupils was passed in a state more nearly related to fear than to anything else. How, then, could I endure to be among unruly boys, from seven in the morning till eight or nine at night, to be responsible for actions which I could no more control than I could move a pyramid. Strange it may be, but I have an instinctive horror of big boys,—perhaps derived from the persecution which I suffered from them when a little one. When I am at all unwell, which, I thank Heaven, is much seldomer than I have deserved, they are always at me in my dreams—hooting, pelting, spitting at me, stopping my ways, setting all sorts of hideous, scornful faces at me, oppressing me with indescribable horrors, to which waking life has no parallel.

Again he resorted to his pen, taking up his abode at a little village inn, where he lived with the strictest economy, and from 1826 to

1831 he chiefly supported himself by contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*. He also wrote a series of biographies for a Topographical History of Leeds.

(To be continued.)

*Military Memoir of Lieutenant-Colonel James Skinner, C.B., for many years a distinguished officer commanding a corps of Irregular Cavalry in the service of the H.E.I.C., interspersed with Notices of several of the principal Personages who distinguished themselves in the service of the Native Powers of India.* By J. BAILLIE FRASER, Esq., Author of "Travels in Khorassan, Mesopotamia, and Kourdistan," &c. In 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

A MEMOIR of so distinguished an officer as Lieutenant-Colonel SKINNER, from so competent a pen as that of Mr. FRASER, will be acceptable, not only in military circles, but wherever courage, gallantry and address are held in admiration. It appears that he was born in 1778, being the son of an officer in the British army by the daughter of a Zemindar. Being a half-caste, he was inadmissible to the regular army, and his father accordingly designed him for the pursuits of a civilian. He was apprenticed to a printer, but not liking that employment, he went into an attorney's office. The labours of the desk proved equally distasteful to him, and he longed for military service. At length he procured an introduction to the Mahrattas, under the French commander, with whom he served in some severe campaigns, until war broke out with the English, when young SKINNER, declining to act against his countrymen, was dismissed. Soon afterwards he was introduced to Lord LAKE, to whom his doings in the Mahratta wars had been narrated; he was received with favour, and permitted to form under him the corps which afterwards became so famous as "SKINNER'S HORSE."

But these gallant services were not rewarded as they should have been. When the war ended, with the entire success of the British arms, the PRINCE REGENT conferred upon the most distinguished officers of the Indian army the Order of the Bath. But SKINNER did not belong to the King's army, and accordingly the honour was withheld from him—etiquette being more powerful than merit. Colonel WORSLEY informs him that he had named the subject to the Commander-in-Chief, and recommended honorary distinctions to those not of "the regulars," but was answered that "the thing was impossible." Why? Impossibility is a word peculiar to officials.

However, when the Regent came to the throne, he personally interested himself in SKINNER's claims, and in despite of the official "impossibility," the thing was done—he was made a Knight-Commander of the Bath, but even for this it was necessary to qualify him by a Colonel's commission. He died at Delhi in 1841.

The Memoir is agreeably written, the only fault being its too great expansion by the introduction of historical details which were not necessary for the elucidation of the subject, and which, therefore, however valuable in themselves, are felt to be out of place, as disturbing the progress of the narrative, and diverting our attention from its hero and his immediate concerns. A Biography should be a biography and nothing more; history should be left to history. Of all that relates to SKINNER he presents the fullest details, for he had access to the best sources of information, and among them to an autobiography commenced after his retirement from active service.

A life so adventurous and varied cannot but abound in passages that will excite the curiosity and be read with eager interest, and it is for passages, rather than as a whole, that this work will be enjoyed by civilians. Military men will, of course, peruse it as a study, and with the fellow-feeling which will make even the driest



details of such a military career attractive to them.

For the amusement of our miscellaneous readers, we must limit our specimens of its pages to miscellaneous topics.

The following is the history of a remarkable personage:—

#### THE BEGUM SOMBRE.

Sumroo appears to have been a man whose evil propensities far outweighed the good; he was stern and bloody minded, in no degree remarkable for fidelity, or devotion to his employers, and though we cannot imagine him void of those qualities which attach the soldiery to their officer, we can see little in his career to indicate anything more than the hard, unscrupulous and reckless, though bold, military adventurer. His character and disposition seem typified by the *soubriquet* which he received from his European companions of *Sombre*, transformed by the native into Sumroo. This man at some period of his life not exactly known, became attached to the female afterwards known as Begum Sumroo. There are various origins attributed to her. Franklin says she was the daughter of a decayed Moghul noble. The natives, with more probability of correctness, say she was a Cashmirean dancing girl whose personal charms first attracted him, and whose talents and sound judgment became so valuable to him in the sequel, as to gain a great ascendancy over him. Whether he married her or not is uncertain, but she was regarded as his wife, and succeeded at his death to his corps and his *jaedad*,—the former having been increased by the command of a body of Moghul horse, assigned to him by Nujuff Khan. By means of her uncommon ability and discretion, united to a masculine firmness and intrepidity, and aided by this force, the regular portion of which, according to Franklin, amounted to five battalions of sepoy, about 200 Europeans, officers and artillerymen, and forty pieces of cannon, she managed to preserve her country nearly unmolested, and her authority generally, unimpaired, during a period of surrounding storm and tempest which shook several great powers from their thrones. The Moghul court supported her while it could; and Sundeia had so high an opinion of her capacity that he not only added to her possessions, some cads south-west of the Yumna, but while engaged in war with Purtaub Sing of Jeypore, he entrusted the western frontier to her protection, by stationing her force at Panceput. To the court of Dehlee she always adhered with fidelity, and showed her attachment strongly in the hour of need during Gholam Kawdir's atrocious attack upon his sovereign in his own place at Dehlee. Rejecting contemptuously that powerful miscreant's offer of marriage, and equality of power, the Begum repaired to the palace with all her force, resolved to defend her sovereign so far as she might be able. In answer to a summons to quit the city on pain of immediate hostilities, she erected a battery in aid of the fort, and replied from it to the heavy cannonade of Gholam Kawdir; and had the Moghul troops seconded hers with equal spirit, the Rohilla would have been forced to retire. But treachery prevailed, and her efforts were rendered vain.

Her power, however, no more than her good will, was able to save her sovereign from the misery and distress which were poured on his devoted head by the Rohilla chief and his traitor Nobles,—and we hear little more of her till about the year 1795, when those inclinations which ought to have ceased their sway in the heart of a well advanced and sound-headed woman, as she certainly was on most occasions, betrayed her into a measure which had nearly proved fatal to her. Amongst the principal European officers of her army, we have seen that George Thomas at one time held a conspicuous place, and that he had been superseded in his influence and command by a rival. This rival appears to have been an officer named Levasse, or Le Vaissaux,—said by Mr. Franklin to have been a German adventurer, for whom she is understood to have conceived an attachment,—and whom, contrary to the advice of her friends, and that of the king himself, who like them predicted the downfall of his authority,—and contrary, above all, to her usual prudence she married. This man, though not deficient in abilities, was stern and haughty, and soon disgusted both officers and soldiers,—the former more particularly, from procuring the disgrace of one Legois, an officer, so called from being a native of Liege, and to whom the soldiery had been long attached. The matter terminated in a hunting, or rather conspiracy, which they formed to depose both the Begum and her husband, and to place in command of the troops, and on the "Musund" of Serdhanah, a son of Sumroo, though not by the Begum, Zaffer Yab Khan, who at that time resided at Dehlee. It was not at once that the Zaffer Yab Khan agreed to accept the dangerous honour, for he had a very serious dread of the ability and intrigues of his mother-in-law. But at last he did consent; and either so unexpected or so sweeping appears to have been the

result, that we find the Begum and her husband at once preparing for flight, and proceeding towards the Ganges, in order to seek refuge in Oude. They were overtaken, however, by a party of cavalry, sent by Zaffer Yab Khan especially to intercept them, and they were surrounded at the village of Kerwah, in the Begum's jagheer, only four miles from Serdhanah. A free pardon was proclaimed by the usurper to her few attendants, provided they would lay down their arms, and give up the Begum and her husband; and great confusion ensued. The infantry surrounded her palan-keen, demanding her to surrender, while the cavalry did the same to her husband. From whatever motive, the Begum drew her poignard, and striking it across her breast, the blood gushed out, though the wound was a mere scratch. On hearing the tumult, and the cries for assistance, her husband called out to know what it meant. They told him the Begum had killed herself—twice again he repeated the question, and receiving twice the same reply, he very deliberately drew a pistol, put it to his mouth, and shot himself, and immediately fell from his horse. "The villains," says Mr. Thomas, who tells the story, "who the preceding day had styled themselves his slaves, now committed every act of insult and indignity on his corpse." The motive of the Begum in this strange proceeding is not very clear. It is said by some that before her husband and she left Serdhanah, they made an agreement, in case of accident, that neither should survive the other; and Levasse's suicide may be held to give this some colour. It is not impossible, if any such compact had been entered into, that the Begum, a selfish and artful woman, seeing in what extremities her imprudent marriage had involved her, might choose this way to relieve herself of her self-imposed fetters. However this may be, she was conducted back to Serdhanah as a prisoner, and Zaffer Yab Khan assumed the government of her jagheer.

From this time we hear little of the Begum, save that she appears, as formerly stated, to have held her contingent ready at the Mahratta call, for guarding the frontier. And in 1799, especially, she accompanied their army to the Sikh country, returning from the Panceput to Serdhanah. The brilliant successes of the British arms, however, in the event of the Mahratta war, so convincingly proving the superiority of the English over the native power, was not to be overlooked by so shrewd an observer as the Begum. The overture made by that lady to Lord Lake, mentioned above, took place immediately after the battle of the Dehlee, and it was not long before she came to pay her respects in person; upon which occasion an incident occurred of a curious and characteristic description. She arrived at head-quarters, it appears, just after dinner, and being carried in her palan-keen at once to the reception tent, his lordship came out to meet and receive her. As the adhesion of every petty chieftain was, in those days, of consequence, Lord Lake was not a little pleased at the early demonstration of the Begum's loyalty; and being a little elevated by the wine which had just been drunk, he forgot the novel circumstance of its being a native female he was about to receive, instead of some well-bearded chief, so he gallantly advanced, and, to the utter dismay of the attendants, took her in his arms and kissed her. The mistake might have been awkward, but the lady's presence of mind put all right. Receiving courteously the proffered attention, she turned calmly round to her astonished attendants—"It is," said she, "the salute of a *padre* (priest) to his daughter." The Begum professes Christianity, and thus the explanation was perfectly in character, though more experienced spectators might have smiled at the appearance of the jolly red-coated clergyman, exhibited in the person of his lordship. Since that time the Begum has lived much in habits of social courtesy and friendly intercourse with the English, receiving them at very handsome entertainments, and very frequently appearing at the residency table, where she freely participated in all the good things it afforded. Of her character and disposition somewhat may be judged from what has been said above. Her best qualities were those of the head—her sound judgment, her shrewdness of observation, her prudence, and occasional fidelity to her trust—chiefly exemplified in her conduct to the unfortunate Shah Allum. For those of the heart, we fear much cannot be said. She was cruel, unforgiving, relentless, deceitful, liberal only where self-interest required it, and courteous too often to hide enmity. One anecdote—it is given by Bishop Heber, and we believe it is in the main correct—will serve to show something of her ruthless and implacable nature. A slave-girl had offended her—an affair, we believe, of jealousy. The poor creature was brought before her—a hole dug in the earth under the floor of the room, in which she was buried alive—and, as if it had been a trifling occurrence, her mistress smoked her hookah unconcernedly on this living grave. In her youth, the Begum must have been handsome—her features and person small and delicate, like most of the women of India; even

when the writer knew her, in 1815-16, she had the remains of good looks, and a beautiful hand and arm, which she used to be rather proud of as she smoked her hookah. When the Bishop saw her in 1825, she was "a very queer-looking old woman, with brilliant, wicked-looking eyes." She never had any children, but adopted several slave-girls as daughters, whom she bestowed as such upon her favourite officers. She died very wealthy, and her jagheer has reverted to the company.

SKINNER appears to have been much struck with the

#### STEADINESS OF THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

On our second visit to Lord Lake, I was offered the command of 2,000 horse; but I refused it, declaring that I never would fight against Sindea. On the 4th of September, 1803, Lord Lake assaulted the fort with 500 Europeans of the Seventy-sixth, and two and a half battalions of Sepoys. They started from camp about two hours before daybreak, and reached the place a little before dawn. A picket of fifty men with a six pounder had been stationed by Bajee Rao about fifty yards from the fort; at whom this handful of heroes ran like lions. The pickets immediately ran away to the wicket and got in. The assaulting party attempted to get in along with them, but were shut out. Instead, however, of retreating, those brave fellows stood upon the goonjus for a full hour, under one of the heaviest fires of musketry and great guns I have seen, and only at sunrise did they fall back about a hundred yards; on which the brave Lord Lake, who was standing near Perron's house at one of his batteries, called out, "They run!" They were rallied, however, by some of their gallant officers, and in going back they carried with them the Mahratta gun. I was close by Lord Lake, and saw and heard everything that passed. The God of Heaven certainly looked down upon these noble fellows, for with two shots they blew open half the gate, and giving three shouts they rushed in. The Rajepoots stood their ground like brave soldiers; and from the first to the second gate the fight was desperately maintained on both sides, and the carnage very great.

As soon as he heard the shout, the countenance of Lord Lake changed from anxiety to joy, and he called out with the greatest delight, "The fort is ours!" and turning to me, asked me what I thought of European fighting? I replied, that no forts in Hindostan could stand against him. Then spurring his horse, he galloped to the gate. But when he saw his heroes lying thick there the tears came to his eyes. "It is the fate of good soldiers," he said; and turning round, he galloped back to the camp and gave up the fort to plunder. I must here declare, that the courage displayed by the Seventy-sixth surpassed all I had ever seen, and every idea I had formed of soldiering.

We conclude with the vivid picture of

#### A RETREAT.

The two battalions of the enemy that were near me had been joined by the Rajah himself, with about a thousand horse, who charged me several times as I commenced to retreat. I repulsed them, but with the loss of one gun, which broke down, and of my own horse mortally wounded, though it still kept on; but the remainder of their battalions now coming fast up, I found further progress impossible, and drew up in a fine plain to receive them. Here I made a short speech to the men: I told them we were trying to avoid a thing which none could escape—that was death; that come it would; and as such was the case, it became us to meet it and die like soldiers.

Thus resolved, we allowed the enemy to come within fifty yards, when we gave them a volley and charged. Those in our front gave way, and we captured their guns. As those on the flanks, however, now galled us with their cannon, I threw myself into a square, and sought to regain the ravines, now only about half a cōs from us. But fate had decided against us. They pressed us so close on all sides that my men began to lose their coolness; we were charged too, and lost three more of our guns. Still with the one left I kept moving on, and got clear of the enemy's infantry, who had got a little sickened, and showed less disposition to chase; but the cavalry kept on charging, and my men giving up very fast.

I still had some three hundred good soldiers and my gun left; but a party of horse pressed us so hard that I moved out with one hundred men and stopped them; but when I looked back I found only ten had followed me; the rest had turned back and joined the gun. As I was going to follow them, a horseman galloped up, matchlock in hand, and shot me through the groin. I fell, and became insensible immediately; and after my fall the poor remains of my brave but unfortunate fellows met the same fate. I do not believe that fifty men out of the thousand escaped from the field untouched.

It was about three in the afternoon when I fell, and I did not regain my senses till sunrise next morning. When I came to myself, I soon remembered what had happened, for several other wounded soldiers were lying near me; my pantaloons were the only rag that had been left me, and I crawled under a bush to shelter myself from the sun. Two more of my battalion crept near me; the one a soobahdar that had his leg shot off below the knee, the other a jemadar had a spear-wound through his body. We were now dying of thirst, but not a soul was to be seen; and in this state we remained the whole day, praying for death; but, alas! night came on, but neither death nor assistance. The moon was full and clear, and about midnight it was very cold. So dreadful did this night appear to me that I swore, if I survived, to have nothing more to do with soldiering: the wounded on all sides crying out for water, the jackalls tearing the dead, and coming nearer and nearer to see if we were ready for them; we only kept them off by throwing stones and making noises. Thus passed this long and horrible night.

Next morning we spied a man and an old woman, who came to us with a basket and a pot of water; and to every wounded man she gave a piece of joaree bread from the basket and a drink from her water-pot. To us she gave the same; and I thanked Heaven and her. But the soobahdar was a high caste Rajepoot; and as this woman was a Chumar (or of the lowest caste,) he would receive neither water nor bread from her. I tried to persuade him to take it, that he might live; but he said, that in our state, with but a few hours more to linger, what was a little more or less suffering to us? Why should he give up his faith for such an object? No; he preferred to die unpolluted.

I asked the woman where she lived; and she gave me the name of her village, which was about two cōs from Tonke and a cōs and-a-half from where we lay. About three in the afternoon, a chieftain of the Ooneara Rajah's, with a hundred horsemen and coolies and beel-dars, arrived on the ground, with orders to bury the dead and to send the wounded into camp. The poor soobahdar now got water, of which he was in the utmost need—indeed nearly dead for want of it. When we were brought to camp, we found a large two-poled tent pitched, in which all the wounded of my battalion were collected; and, to the best of my recollection, they amounted now to three hundred men. No sooner was I brought in than they called out, "Ah, here is our dear captain!" and some offered me some bread and some water, or what they had. The chieftain had wrapped me in a large chudder (sheet) when he took me up; and right glad was I to find so many of my brave fellows near me.

*Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann and Soret.* Translated from the German by JOHN OXENFORD. In 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1850.

[FIFTH NOTICE.]

(Continued from page 104.)

At the request of many readers, we return again to this delightful book for some more of those gems of thought by the most thinking man of modern times.

Here is

#### A REMINISCENCE OF SCHILLER.

"Schiller was, as you may imagine from his high character," said he, "a decided enemy to all the hollow reverence, and all the vain idolatry, which people paid him, or wished to pay him. When Kotzebue proposed to get up a public demonstration in his house, it was so distasteful to him that he was almost ill with inward disgust. It was also repulsive to him when a stranger was announced. If he were hindered for a moment from seeing him, and made an appointment for four o'clock in the afternoon, it generally happened that at the appointed hour he was ill from mere apprehension."

GOETHE shared, with most persons who have reflected upon their own experiences, a belief in the existence of an influence by which one mind affects another—that, in fact, which is called Mesmerism.

#### GOETHE ON MESMERISM.

"As I said, we are all groping among mysteries and wonders. Besides, one soul may have a decided influence upon another, merely by means of its silent presence, of which I could relate many instances. It has often happened to me that, when I have been walking with an acquaintance, and have had a living image of something in my mind, he has at once begun to speak of that very thing. I have also known a man who, without saying a word, could suddenly silence a party engaged in cheerful conversation, by the mere power of

his mind. Nay, he could also introduce a tone which would make everybody feel uncomfortable. We have all something of electrical and magnetic forces within us, and we put forth, like the magnet itself, an attractive or repulsive power, accordingly as we come in contact with something similar or dissimilar. It is possible, nay, even probable, that if a young girl were, without knowing it, to find herself in a dark chamber with a man who designed to murder her, she would have an uneasy sense of his unknown presence, and that an anguish would come over her, which would drive her from the room to the rest of the household."

GOETHE asserted that true genius was productive, and that this was dependant upon the body as much as on the mind.

"Does this productiveness of genius," said I, "lie merely in the mind of an important man, or does it also lie in the body?"

"The body has, at least," said Goethe, "the greatest influence upon it. There was indeed a time when, in Germany, a genius was always thought of as short, weak, or hunch-backed; but commend me to a genius who has a well-proportioned body."

He illustrates his position thus:

#### THE GENIUS OF SHAKESPEARE.

"Thus, Shakespeare was inspired with the first thought of his Hamlet, when the spirit of the whole presented itself to his mind as an unexpected impression, and he surveyed the several situations, characters, and conclusion, in an elevated mood, as a pure gift from above, on which he had no immediate influence, although the possibility of conceiving such a thought certainly presupposed a mind such as his. But the individual scenes, and the dialogue of the characters, he had completely in his power, so that he might produce them daily and hourly, and work at them for weeks if he liked. And, indeed, we see in all that he has achieved, constantly the same power of production; and in all his plays, we never come to a passage of which it could be said, 'this was not written in the proper humour, or with the most perfect faculty.' Whilst we read him, we receive the impression of a man thoroughly strong and healthy, both in mind and body."

The great poet-philosopher thus rebukes the petty criticism that looks for similarities in thought or expression in the works of different authors and calls them

#### PLAGIARISMS.

"Something similar," said I, "often happens in the literary world, when people, for instance, doubt the originality of this or that celebrated man, and seek to trace out the sources from whence he obtained his cultivation."

"That is very ridiculous," said Goethe; "we might as well question a strong man about the oxen, sheep, and swine, which he has eaten, and which have given him strength."

"We are indeed born with faculties; but we owe our development to a thousand influences of the great world, from which we appropriate to ourselves what we can and what is suitable to us. I owe much to the Greeks and French; I am infinitely indebted to Shakespeare, Sterne, and Goldsmith; but in saying this I do not show the sources of my culture: that would be an endless as well as an unnecessary task. What is important is to have a soul which loves truth, and receives it wherever it finds it."

Here are some valuable hints, the results of his great experience both as a dramatist and as a manager, on

#### WRITING FOR THE STAGE.

"Writing for the stage," he continued, "is something peculiar, and he who does not understand it thoroughly, had better leave it alone. Every one thinks that an interesting fact will appear interesting on the boards,—nothing of the kind! Things may be very pretty to read, and very pretty to think about; but as soon as they are put upon the stage the effect is quite different, and that which has charmed us in the closet will probably fall flat on the boards. If any one reads my 'Hermann and Dorothea,' he thinks it might be brought out at the theatre. Töpfer has been inveigled into the experiment; but what is it, what effect does it produce, especially if it is not played in a first-rate manner, and who can say that it is in every respect a good piece? Writing for the stage is a trade that one must understand, and requires a talent that one must possess. Both are uncommon, and where they are not combined, we shall scarcely have any good result."

The following is quite a novel definition of

#### THE CLASSIC AND THE ROMANTIC.

"A new expression occurs to me," said Goethe,

"which does not ill define the state of the case. I call the classic *healthy*, the romantic *sickly*. In this sense, the 'Nibelungenlied' is as classic as the 'Iliad,' for both are vigorous and healthy. Most modern productions are romantic, not because they are new, but because they are weak, morbid, and sickly; and the antique is classic, not because it is old, but because it is strong, fresh, joyous, and healthy. If we distinguish 'classic' and 'romantic' by these qualities, it will be easy to see our way clearly."

At this time readers will peruse with interest the remarks of so thoughtful an observer as GOETHE on Catholic Emancipation, then in progress.

#### GOETHE ON CATHOLICISM.

"It is instructive," said Goethe, "to see how things come to light on this occasion, of which no one ever thought, and which would never have been spoken of but for the present crisis. We cannot, however, get a clear notion of the state of Ireland; the subject is too intricate. But this we can see, that she suffers from evils which will not be removed by any means, and therefore, of course, not by emancipation. If it has hitherto been unfortunate for Ireland to endure her evils alone, it is now unfortunate that England is also drawn into them. Then, no confidence can be put in the Catholics. We see with what difficulty the two million of Protestants in Ireland have kept their ground hitherto against the preponderating five million of Catholics; and how, for instance, the poor Protestant farmers have been oppressed, tricked, and tormented, when among Catholic neighbours. The Catholics do not agree among themselves, but they always unite against a Protestant. They are like a pack of hounds, who bite one another, but when a stag comes in view, they all unite immediately to run it down."

We recommend the following to the consideration of Miss MARTINEAU.

#### GOETHE ON DEITY.

"The period of doubt," said he, "is past; men now doubt as little the existence of a God as their own, though the nature of the divinity, the immortality, the peculiarities of our own souls, and their connection with our bodies, are eternal problems, with respect to which our philosophers take us no farther. A French philosopher, of the most recent times, begins his chapter confidently thus:—

"It is acknowledged that man consists of two parts, body and soul; accordingly, we will begin with the body, and then speak of the soul."

"Fichte went a little farther, and extricated himself somewhat more cleverly from the dilemma, by saying—'We shall treat of man regarded as a body, and of man regarded as a soul.' He felt too well that a so closely combined whole could not be separated. Kant has unquestionably done the best service, by drawing the limits beyond which human intellect is not able to penetrate, and leaving at rest the insoluble problems. What a deal have people philosophized about immortality—and how far have they got? I doubt not of our immortality, for nature cannot dispense with the *entelechia*. But we are not all, in like manner, immortal; and he who would manifest himself in future as a great *entelechia*, must be one now."

*Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S. With a Life and Notes by* RICHARD LORD BRAYBROOKE. 3rd Edition. Considerably enlarged. In 5 vols. London: Colburn.

This new and cheap edition of the unique Autobiography of PEPYS, is, we understand, finding the wide circulation which such a curiosity could scarcely fail to command. Imagine a man setting down every day his minutest doings—even to his quarrels with his wife, his flirtations at a party, his indulgences at table, the purchase of his clothes, mingled strongly with memoranda of public events, and the interest, as well as the value, of such a diary may be conceived. It reveals to us the *Life* of this nation at the period of the Restoration; it introduces us to the homes of the people—to their costumes, manners, conversation, thoughts—far more perfectly than any formal history could have done. It is, indeed, a book so various, so quaint, so gossiping, that, once taken up, we lay it down again with reluctance. There is nothing like it in the world. It stands alone, and will be read with increasing curiosity as centuries revolve.

We have already extracted from it so largely in the course of the publication of the former



edition, that we must not again eviscerate it, although, when it is completed, we may, perhaps, be tempted to take a few more gleanings by way of reluctant parting; but for the present it suffices to say, that this volume carries the Diary from the 1st of April, 1665, to the 31st of March, 1667. Lord BRAYBROOK has taken infinite pains to enrich it with explanatory notes.

*Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, translated from the Italian of G. VASARI. With Notes and Illustrations. By Mrs. JONATHAN FOSTER. Vol. 2. London: Bohn.*

VASARI has been justly esteemed the greatest of Art's Biographers. His *Lives of the Painters* has taken a foremost place in the Literature of Europe. It is an authority everywhere, and everywhere it is read with interest. The only fault we have to find with these Biographies is their brevity: we want to know more about the private history of these mighty masters of art; what they did and said, what were their habits of life, and anecdotes of their early efforts and recollections of their bearing in the hour of triumph. Usually VASARI presents us with little more than a history in outline of the place of birth, the schools in which they were educated, and their principal works, which, although very valuable for a book of reference, detracts somewhat from its attractions as a book for reading. But, perhaps, he gathered all that could be found, and the bareness of details is due to the defects of tradition, and VASARI is far too faithful an historian to supply an *hiatus* from his own fancy. He is, indeed, scrupulously truthful and most painstaking. Then his impartiality is admirable, and his taste for art so good that he seldom praises without just grounds for applause, or finds fault without a sufficient reason for it. The second volume extends from FILARETE in the middle of the Fifteenth Century, of the Florentine School, to the Florentine Architect, ANTONIO DA SAN GALLO, who died in 1534, including no less than fifty-three biographies. The translation is graceful and easy. Forming part of Bohn's *Standard Library*, this work is placed within the means of all who love art and desire to acquaint themselves with its early history.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

*The Natural History of Selborne, with Observations on various parts of Nature and the Naturalist's Calendar. By the late Rev. GILBERT WHITE, A.M. With Additions and Notes by Sir WILLIAM JARDINE, Bart., with further Illustrations, &c., by EDWARD JESSE, Esq. London: Bohn.*

ONE of the most popular and pleasing books in the English language has at length received the honour that is its due. Editor, printer, engraver, binder, and publisher, have combined their labours to reproduce dear GILBERT WHITE in a form worthy of his high place in public esteem. Mr. JESSE, himself the GILBERT WHITE of our own time, has added his own stores of observation to those of his revered master, and thus multiplied the interest and worth of the volume. The Printer has embodied those united labours in a beautiful type and fine paper. The Engraver has subscribed no less than *forty* engravings of the very highest class. The Binder has clothed it in a dress of green and gold, and the Publisher has offered this charming book, combining so many attractions for the general enjoyment, by introducing it into his *Illustrated Library*, where it is sold at a price so trifling that there are few who may not become the possessors of it. Mr. JESSE has also prefixed a memoir of the author, written with a congenial spirit, and making him, if possible, still more dear to us than he made himself, by the revelations of a kind heart and most simple manners, which peep out in his pages.

We do not know if there be any one of our readers who has not read *The Natural History of Selborne*, but if there be, we recommend him or her to lose not a day in procuring this edition of it, and perusing it forthwith, for *not* to have read it is to have lost much of the pleasure and profit of the country, seen as it is almost with other eyes after communing with GILBERT WHITE and catching from him the love of Nature and the spirit of observa-

tion that enabled him to produce a book which will live as long as the language in which it is written. Heartily do we thank Mr. BOHN for this edition of it, and hint to him how acceptable also would be ISAAC WALTON, in the same form, including all his works.

### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*A Trip to Mexico, or, Recollections of a Ten-month's Ramble in 1849-50. By a BARRISTER. London: Smith, Elder and Co.*

WHY "the Barrister" went to Mexico for ten months—whether for business, health, or pleasure, he does not inform us, nor will the reader care. Enough for us, that his trip has produced a very pleasant volume, which, imposing but a light tax on purse or time, conveys to the reader a much more vivid impression of Mexican life and manners than the more elaborated descriptions of many of his predecessors, to whom the art of bookmaking was not, as with him, a "very new line."

"The Barrister" candidly informs us in his preface, that he writes from memory only, not from notes made upon the spot. This has its advantages, as well as its disadvantages,—the former consisting in the better choice of subjects, and a more comprehensive sketch of the whole—things being viewed in memory according to their *relative* importance, which cannot be ascertained at the moment of inspection; the latter arising from the unavoidable errors, distortions, and omissions to which all mere memories of places are subjected, and the interposition of imagination to fill up the picture of the mind.

Our traveller's acquaintance with the country was not extensive. He left England in the autumn of 1849; on the 9th of November he landed at Vera Cruz. He proceeded directly to the city of Mexico, and, after a short residence there, departed for the mining districts of Guanajuato, and thence to Tepic, where he remained during the rest of his stay.

Some specimens of his manner of telling his story, and of the stores he has to tell, will best introduce this volume to the regards of our readers. It will be seen that our author has no need to fear criticism of his unpractised hand: he writes very respectably. These are

#### MEXICAN HOUSES.

Mexican houses are mostly all alike, and I will describe one, once for all. You enter by a large doorway, wide enough to admit a carriage, and find yourself in a large courtyard, or "patio," with the house built round it. Generally, except in large towns, there is only one story; when two, or more, the family commonly live in the first floor, and the ground story is occupied by warehouses, countinghouses, &c. Most houses have, in addition, a court-yard behind, which contains the kitchens and other offices; sometimes there is another yard, or "corral," behind all, which contains the stabling, and is large enough to accommodate a great many animals. All houses are flat-roofed, and paved with a species of plaster over the bricks. This plaster, in a short time, becomes very hard, and being polished with rough stones, until it is as smooth as marble, forms an impervious roof against the rain. Every house is furnished with immense long horizontal pipes or gutters, projecting over the street, and through which all the rain collected on the roof is carried off. During the rainy season, or in a good heavy storm, these pipes are so many small cataracts, and it is impossible to walk through the streets without being half-drowned.

Mexico is the country of abundance. There is plenty for every man, as witness this vision of the

#### DOMESTIC ANIMALS IN MEXICO.

Throughout the whole of Mexico the quantity of domestic animals one sees is prodigious, and this being our first day in the country, we were much struck by the novelty. Pigs, dogs, and poultry, especially turkeys, literally swarm. Let the hut be ever so miserable, or its inhabitants ever so poor, still there are always enough of these animals about it, to stock an ordinary village in England. No puppies are ever drowned, and that fact easily accounts for the multiplication of the dogs. No pigs are ever eaten, and that may or may

not account for the number of them: but still they do not die a natural death, being bred and reared entirely for the lard they produce. I am quite posed to account for the number of turkeys, as the natives certainly eat them, and freely too—and not without reason, for on table they are much finer than English, and have a great quantity of fat.

Now for a graphic sketch of

#### MEXICAN COSTUME.

Among the poorer classes, the women have the whole of the upper part of their figures enveloped in the reboso, a sort of scarf made in the country and cleverly put on; and terminate below in the most gaudy dresses that can well be imagined. With all the ladies, however, gentle and simple, the chief charm lies in their hands and feet, which are quite in miniature. Stockings are unknown among all the poorer classes; and when a lady wishes to intimate that she has a friend of consideration, she will tell you "tiene medias"—she has stockings. The hair of all Mexican women is also very beautiful, and, as they are much given to washing it, half the female population have always their locks hanging to dry, down to their waists, in most luxuriant masses.

The men are wrapped from head to foot, even in the hottest weather, in the everlasting serapé or blanket, having a hole in the middle for the reception of the head. Having peeled a native of this outer skin, you will see him, on a feast-day, dressed in a jacket, generally ornamented with silver buttons, a silken sash round his waist, and his nether man inclosed in calzoneros, or what, in England, we should call overalls, opening from the hip to the ankle, and closed, when requisite, with silver buttons. They generally keep three or four of these buttons fastened at top, leaving the rest open all the way down, displaying a plenitude of white drawers. The whole man is surmounted with an immense broad-brimmed conical black hat, plentifully supplied with lace on the rim, if the wearer can afford it, and having, in addition, one or two thick-laced rolls round the root of the crown; the whole so stiffened as to be nearly proof against a sword-cut. The costume is the same throughout the republic of Mexico, except that the ladies of Puebla have a taste a trifle gaudier than the rest of the Mexicans, and always prefer a good allowance of scarlet in their "naguas" (petticoats.)

Robbers abound. Travellers cannot venture to move beyond the streets without an armed escort, and even in the streets a diligence is not quite safe. Here is a gallant

#### AFFRAY WITH ROBBERS.

A remarkable robbery took place, about three years ago, whilst a Scotch gentleman and his family were descending the hill leading into this town, and the account of which I will here give, as I heard it from the gentleman's own mouth. The travelling party consisted of my informant, his wife, her sister, a maid-servant, and two or three children. The only male servant was a lad of fifteen or sixteen, whose duty consisted in driving the mules of their carriage; they had an escort of seven soldiers and plenty of firearms in the carriage; the gentleman himself carrying a double-barrelled rifle. Whilst descending this hill, and in full view of the town, the escort, at that time some distance behind, was attacked by nine robbers, and, after a short fight, discomfited, leaving on the ground the sergeant in command, badly wounded, the rest taking to flight. The master of the family, finding what was going on in his rear, left the carriage, giving one pistol to his wife and another to his boy, with strict injunctions not to use them except in case of extremity. The escort being put to flight, the robbers imagined they had it all their own way, and came down upon the carriage at an easy trot. However, a bullet from the rifle of the gallant Scotchman rolled over the leading man, on which the rest, taking to the bushes and the roadside, opened a fire with their villainous carbines; but, luckily, hit nobody. The carriage still rapidly descending the hill, and approaching the town, in a short time the second barrel of the rifle gave out its contents, and a second robber fell. The remainder, then, seeing both the deadly rifle barrels discharged, made a rush at the carriage, and one rascal had his hand actually on the carriage door, when the boy put his pistol to his breast, and shot him dead. By this time the firing had alarmed the townspeople, who were coming up the hill to the rescue, and the robbers, seeing three of their number dead, and that the odds would soon be against them, took to flight, and so ended one of the most gallant little fights I have ever heard of.

His accounts of the mines are anything but promising to English adventurers. English miners, too, are at a discount there:

On my remarking the absence of foreign workmen among the actual miners, I was told that they had been

often tried, but never found to answer. Cornishmen or others brought from England, invariably took to drinking, and became so insolent and unmanageable that no reliance could be placed upon them, besides being physically unequal to the work in that climate. Most of the superintendents of mines are English or Americans, and all told me that they would prefer never having any but natives under their orders.

#### This is the manner of

##### THE PREPARATION OF THE ORE.

After returning to Guanajuato we visited the Hacienda de Beneficio, under the immediate superintendence of our host, and witnessed the whole process, from the bringing in of rough lumps of ore on the mules' backs, to the taking out of bright lumps of silver, ready for the mint. The Hacienda de Beneficio consists of long rows of buildings surrounding a large Patio, paved with stone, and covered with what, to a stranger, appear heaps of mud, with groups of mules treading it about in all directions. All the power used is supplied by mules.

First, the ore as it comes from the mines is put under large stampers of wood shod with iron, and crushed to the size of a bean. Next, this gravel is put into a circular, tub-like reservoir, made of flat slabs, and paved with small rough stones, placed close together, and perpendicularly; in this reservoir are perpetually travelling round and round, two or three large rough blocks of stone. These, with the help of water, grind the ore into a thin mud, quicksilver in small quantities being added to separate the gold, of which all the ore contains a small portion. With the quicksilver it forms an amalgam, which sticks in the crevices of the rough stones at the bottom of the tub. This precious mud is next spread upon the stone floor of the Patio, exposed to the sun, and, after a couple of days or so, is plentifully sprinkled with salt and pounded copper ore. Lastly, quicksilver is added in large quantities, and our mud heap is complete. After remaining exposed to the sun for several days more, the whole being meanwhile plentifully stirred up by mules, to cause the necessary combinations of the ores and salt and the silver and quicksilver, the mass is taken to the washing-tubs, in which work large arms of wood. Here the greater portion of the dirt is washed away, and the heavy amalgam of silver and quicksilver remains at the bottom. The water is then let off from the tubs, and men with spades get out the amalgam, which is subjected to a second washing by hand, in large, round, wooden bowls. The operators are most skilful in the management of these bowls, and get rid of nearly all the remaining rubbish, retaining the amalgam at the bottom. The amalgam is next put into a quicksilver bath, or large brick vat full of quicksilver, for the purpose of taking up any small portions of silver which remain still unamalgamated. The whole is then filtered through an immense canvass bag, which allows the pure quicksilver to run off, leaving the amalgam behind, which now comes out in a sort of hardish paste, of the consistency of mortar nearly dry. This paste is cut into triangular shapes, and put into a sort of furnace, in order to expel the quicksilver. The pieces of amalgam are piled in a circle on a copper plate, having a hole in its centre, communicating with a vessel of water beneath. Over this pile is then placed a large iron or copper bell, which is luted to the plate, and then surrounded by burning charcoal. The fire is kept up a sufficient length of time to drive off the quicksilver which condenses and is collected in the water below. After this operation, the pure silver remains, much reduced, of course, in weight, but of the same size as when put under the bell. Nothing now remains but to take it to the mint, and, as no pure silver is permitted to be exported from Guanajuato, this is always immediately done.

I inquired whether all this dabbling in quicksilver had not some noxious effect on the operators or the mules; but was told not. During the whole of these processes a sharp watch is kept upon the workmen, who, as they are all rogues, will steal ore, quicksilver, amalgam, or anything they can lay their hands upon. These Haciendas are like mills in England, seldom having any connexion with particular mines, but open to grind anybody's ore for a consideration.

By way of variety, let us now take a peep at

##### A MEXICAN FAIR.

Whilst I was in Tepic the annual fair took place, which lasted a week or more. This was conducted much like fairs in England. Booths of all sorts were erected in the Plaza, chiefly for gambling and drinking, little actual business being done. In the centre of these booths two immense roundabouts were established, and during the evening all the people in the town took the air in these whirligigs. Even the respectable members of the ayuntamiento, with their wives and daughters, seated themselves in a revolving box, and journeyed on for half-an-hour, without moving a muscle of their faces,

or showing in any way that they enjoyed it. The great fun of the fair, however, were the lotteries, which contained everything of household or domestic use, and were always crowded during the evening with anxious players. The dancing booths had their share of the entertainment, and the tinkle of guitars and rattle of boards were heard all over the Plaza. The fandango, the only measure danced by the common people, is a *pas de deux*, performed by a lady and gentleman standing opposite each other, without any very regular style of step, and varied much at the pleasure of the dancers; the lady occasionally dancing round the gentleman, and *vice versa*. The performance generally takes place upon some four feet square of boards, laid upon the ground, and is continued till one or the other gives in.

#### Now for a portrait of

##### A TEPIC INDIAN.

I saw several times a few of the original Indians, who live in the mountains, at some distance from Tepic. They only come once or twice a year to the haunts of civilized man, and for the sole purpose of buying salt, with which they cure their skins and provisions. They are a small, dark race of people, with most inexpressive countenance. They are fantastically dressed, having bits of different coloured worsted, ribbons, and feathers stuck in their hats and on different parts of their attire. The men wear tight-fitting breeches of buckskin, dressed by themselves, and very beautifully, too. From these, down the outside of the leg, hang an infinity of strings, each of which is an emblem that the wearer has a corresponding cow, bullock, or pig at home. Of course, the more strings a man has attached to his breeches, the richer he is. In the party there is always one who speaks a little Spanish, and who serves as interpreter for his companions; and a great deal of argument in their own language takes place before they can make up their minds what they will give for their salt. They carry bows and arrows, in the use of which they are very expert, and with which they kill all their game. We used to amuse ourselves by sticking a fowl up against a door in the Patio for them to shoot at, the best shot to receive the animal. The distance was about thirty yards, and the fowl was always hit with the first two or three shots.

It will make a sportsman's mouth water to read "the Barrister's" account of the

##### BIRDS OF MEXICO.

Cranes and herons of all kinds, black, white, and grey, crested, and without crest, are common. Pelicans but rarely are seen in the laguna. One immense bird, called (so Castillon told me) a Borigon, is common enough; it has a body bigger than a swan, and moderately long legs, but with almost no neck, and an immense beak projecting from a small head, set deep between his shoulders. This bird is white, and has his wings edged with black; his legs, head, and beak being also black. Bitterns are very common, and beautiful birds they are. Curlews and snipes, great, small, and jack, abound. These last are absurdly tame; they never fly over twenty yards, and, dropping in the open plain, even after being fired at and missed, feed without any fear of being again molested. Divers and water-rails frequent all the lakes and streams in myriads; some of the former are very graceful and elegant birds. Flamingoes, spoonbills, and birds of that kind, I met with occasionally, but seldom shot at any, save ducks and snipes. I think the most curious of the aquatic birds I saw was a large diver, with a neck almost as long as a swan, and short legs, which sat in tress by the waterside, and when frightened took to the water in great haste. This bird, which, I think, is called by Buffon, the black-bellied Darter, always chose a high and quite naked tree, and, before starting, moved his neck backwards and forwards, in a very curious style. I often tried to procure a specimen, but ineffectually, as they were very wary, and their feathers too close set to admit of a long shot taking effect. A very pretty little bird, called Madrugador, or early riser, of a brilliant yellow, was very common; as were also kingfishers of all sizes and colours.

The land birds are as various as the water, and I was much puzzled to find names for most of them. The commonest and most domestic is a handsome black fellow with a magnificent tail, and considerably larger than an English blackbird, called Sanati. He frequents all houses, and is even more impudent and self-sufficient than our common sparrow.

Starlings exist in immense tribes, some entirely black, others with brilliant yellow and crimson heads. I used to observe that these birds always roosted in the same spot, and retired to rest at the same time; till at last, when out with my gun I saw the starlings coming, I never required to look at my watch to know that it was also time for me to be jogging homeward.

These flocks, containing immense numbers, had been all day scattered over the plains, picking up the vermin which fell from the cattle and mules, each of these animals being always surrounded by some hundreds of these little birds. They were now returning to their homes, the main body always preceded and flanked by detached parties. This army extended often a quarter of a mile, and occupied two or three minutes in passing me, casting a distinct shadow on the ground as they flew. Occasionally the whole body made a sharp curve in their flight, always an indication that a hawk was looking out for stragglers.

The most beautiful of all the tierra templada birds is, I think, the Cardinal, which is met with everywhere; it is of a bright crimson, and beautifully crested. Wild turkeys are also seen among the mountains not far from Tepic, but I had never the good luck to fall in with any.

Hawks of all kinds are very common, and I have seen eagles, but rarely; a companion one day killed one when out with me. There are some peculiar birds of the hawk species called "Bone-crushers," large and powerfully made, with beautiful red crests and eyes. These sit motionless upon stones and trees, never touching the carcass of any animal till the zopilotes have done with it, when they proceed to remove whatever flesh still adheres to the bones, and get the marrow out of the bones themselves. I have also seen them attack small birds.

Many of the hawk tribe are most useful, from their destruction of snakes and other reptiles. I have often seen one soaring away with a snake a yard long wriggling in his claws. One of these birds once dropped his prey at sight of me. I found, on inspection, that the snake was not dead, but nearly so, his skull being laid entirely open with a severe peck. Castillon told me, one day, that, the day before that, he had seen a hawk attack a snake too large for him, and that whilst he was carrying him off in mid air, the snake wreathed himself round the wings of the hawk or eagle (as my friend called him), and both came to the ground together. Although this is both an old and a poetical story, I will answer for it that my friend Castillon was never in the way of hearing it, and have no doubt whatever that he saw what he described.

There are plenty of owls, but one does not often meet with them in daylight, even in Mexico. Pigeons and doves of all kinds abound, and when my ducks and snipes failed me, I had capital sport among the former in a thicket by the side of the laguna. There is a small sort of dove very beautiful and very tame, no bigger than a thrush, of which numbers used to build in the orange trees, of the maquina garden. They appeared to live mostly on the ground and ran very nimbly; half-a-dozen of these little birds made as much noise in rising as a large covey of partridges.

These are two of the most remarkable of the

##### INSECTS OF MEXICO.

The insect most dreaded, rarely met with in Tepic, but often at Puga and San Blas, is a huge sort of spider, the body the size of a walnut and the legs eight or nine inches in length. This animal is called *vinagrillo*, from the peculiar vinegar smell attached to it, and which luckily points out its whereabouts. A bite from this beast is said to be certain death.

There is an amazing variety of other insects to be met with, all, no doubt, very curious to a naturalist. Among them I will only mention two—the "Matacaballo," so called from the belief that a horse dies from eating one of them; and another sort of grub, whose name I forget, which buries itself in the ground just before death, and from whose body always springs a small tree of the same species. There were several of these plants in Tepic, growing in flower-pots. The mataballo has the aspect of an animated blade of dry grass, with fibrous legs, and which may be seen to move, after a long inspection, among the mass of fodder spread before a horse.

He returned, by way of Panama, to the United States, and thence to England.

*Dahomey and the Dahomans; being the Journals of two Missions to the King of Dahomey, and Residence at his Capital, in the years 1849 and 1850.* By FREDERICK E. FORBES, Commander R.N., &c. Author of "Five Years in China," &c. &c. In 2 vols. London: Longman and Co.

COMMANDER FORBES accompanied the late JOHN DUNCAN when, on his appointment as Vice-Consul at the Court of the King of DAHOMEY, he was charged with a mission to that monarch on the subject of a treaty for the suppression of the Slave Trade. They



reached the capital in safety and with speed, experienced a hearty reception, were fêted and feasted, and dismissed with *promises*. On their return, DUNCAN died of a liver complaint, and Captain FORBES completed the task for him, and now has given to the world, in two volumes, his adventures and observations, which, as he is not a novice in the art of travel-writing, he has contrived to make very amusing, while conveying a great deal of useful information. He has paid particular attention to the customs and manners of the people, and the features of the country, and he has succeeded in obtaining from native sources something of its history, or at least of its legends, for among such a people history can be nothing more than legend.

Commander FORBES, however, has done something more than this. He has made a discovery which may be of great assistance to the cause of civilization in Africa, by opening to Europeans the means of communicating extensively with the natives, and imparting to them the knowledge of which they appear to be greedy. He has found among them an original phonetic language, by which all the various dialects are capable of being expressed and written. For the particulars, and for the hopes he founds upon the fact, we must refer the reader to the volumes. Our purpose here is to confine our attention within the limited space permitted to us, entirely to the strange pictures of barbarian life, characters and manners, with which this work abounds.

The kingdom of Dahomey is the largest in Western Africa, containing, according to the best information that could be obtained, about 200,000 inhabitants, and including the greater portion of the slave-coast. It is an absolute monarchy, with the same check that exists in all despotisms, the personal fears of the despot, who dares not try too far the temper of his people, and who is compelled to court popularity with some classes of his subjects in order to protect himself against the enmities of others. There is no respect for human life. Slaves are sacrificed without mercy; the palace is entrenched with skulls; the Prime Minister is an executioner; his servants grovel in the dust before him, but he dares not act without consulting them, and their wishes rule him. Amazons are here not fables, but realities; the King has a regular force of women, by whom the expeditions for the capture of slaves are usually undertaken; he counts his wives by thousands; when the people are not slave-hunting or fighting, they are feasting, singing, and dancing. There is a regular tribe of troubadours, who inherit their office by descent, subject to be set aside if they do not also commit accurately to memory the songs and stories of their progenitors. These are the only Officers of State who have a salary; the rest, it may be presumed, paying themselves. Let us take a peep at the practice of

#### PAYING THE TROUBADOURS.

At each gate of the adjoining palaces of Dangelah-Cordeh and Agringomeh, on this particular day of the customs, it is *selon la règle* for a minister to plant his umbrella and stool, and, surrounded by a host of followers, who form an extensive circle, receive the visits of his friends, and such as have favours to ask or complaints to make. At these levees there is much distribution of liquor; and, to amuse the visitors, in the centre of each circle are two bands and two of the royal troubadours, who take it in turn to sing the praises of the Dahoman monarch.

Dressed in very gay attire, holding in his hand a blue crutch stick, one of these troubadours was reciting the military exploits of Gêzo. As we arrived and exchanged compliments with the minister in a glass of muscatel, and while a canopy of high flat umbrellas was arranged over head, his song commenced with a general view of the royal conquests, and then recited a romantic account of the late war, in which "the Attapahms had run like the labourers in the bush from the hordes of Chimpanzee; that the prisoners were more numerous than the stars, for who could be saved when the king went to war? Amongst those prisoners was one, a daughter of the chief of the country—who so generous as Gêzo, who had given her as largesse to his troubadour?"

"Some years ago, Gêzo killed a traitor, called Ah-char-dee; his head adorns the palace of the king of kings, and who so worthy to wear his clothes? These (pointing to a tunic of puce silk, and a pair of damask crimson silk Turkish trousers,) were his; he had been a friend of Gêzo's, and thus is his memory honoured."

He next sung in honour of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, as friend to the king of Dahomey, and the greatest of white monarchs, as Gêzo was of blacks; for which we gave him a beaker (two and half gallons) of rum.

About an hour after our arrival, a host of the king's sisters and daughters arrived, attended by a guard of soldiers, bands, banners, umbrellas, and attendants, carrying changes of raiment, and each being attended by her stool-bearer, and umbrella. A canopy was soon formed, and each seated on a stool of office; all were showily dressed and ornamented with necklaces of coral and other beads, and under the orders of one elderly lady, the eldest sister of the king.

In vain the elder troubadour tried to please; the younger one was soon called, and won the hearts of the sable princesses by singing of the exploits of the amazon army, and the praises of Gêzo, the only monarch in the world who held an amazon army. When, after a time, he changed to another theme, the ladies rose *en masse*; and now followed a scene as derogatory to royalty as it was disgraceful to the sex: each produced a small bottle, which it appeared her prerogative to have filled with rum, and assailed the aged minister until all were satisfied; when, forming procession, they marched off to the next gate, where a similar scene was enacted.

A court fool strutted about, his face and hands white-washed, and wearing, besides gaudy attire, a slouched gold-laced hat; his witticisms caused much mirth, but the idiom was beyond our powers to understand.

#### These are some of the

##### CUSTOMS OF THE DAHOMANS.

In the royal presence no rank is free from prostration, and the throwing dirt on the head, except white men, and a certain class of necromancers, who regulate sacrifices to divert epidemics, and other evils: these people wear hats, and only bow to the throne. The liberated Africans and returned slaves are considered as white men; and while the king's ministers are prostrate in the dust, they merely bow. In the royal presence none may smoke but white men; and in the precincts of the palace, or the grand Fetish houses, none but whites may remain covered, and none may be carried or ride, or be shaded by an umbrella, unless by the king's permission. If the king's stick be shown, all bow down and kiss the dust except the bearer, who is exempt.

In entering a town or house, the head man presents the stranger with pure water, which he first drinks himself; and this is equivalent to a promise of safety. It is customary each morning to exchange compliments with sticks or seals, or other articles of *virtù* which may be known as the individual's representative; and each stick-bearer receives a glass of rum!

The royal wives and their slaves, I presume from the jealousy of their despotic lord, are considered too sacred for man to gaze upon; and on meeting any of these sable beauties on the road, a bell warns the wayfarer to turn off, or stand against a wall while they pass. The king has thousands of wives, the nobles hundreds, others tens; while the soldier is unable to support one. If one of the wives of the king, or a high officer's, commits adultery, the culprits are summarily beheaded; and the skull of one of the Agao's wives is at present exposed in the square of the palace of Agrim-gomeh, in Albomey. But if adultery be committed by parties of lower rank, they are sold as slaves. If a man seduces a girl, the law obliges marriage, and the payment of eighty heads of cowries to the parent or master, on pain of becoming himself a slave. In marriage there is no ceremony, except where the king confers the wife, in which instance the maiden presents her future lord with a glass of rum!

#### Let us now view

##### THE AMAZONS.

It is rarely that Europeans are called upon to believe in the existence of amazons,—fighting women prepared to do battle on all around, the terror of the neighbouring tribes, dressed in the attire of male soldiers, armed with muskets and swords. These sable ladies perform prodigies of valour, and not unfrequently, by a fortunate charge, save the honour of the male soldiers, by bearing down all before them, discovering themselves to the astonished and abashed prisoners to be women, exceeding their male coadjutors in cruelty and all the stronger passions.

Excited by the hopes of reward, the evil passions of man are fearfully developed in Dahomey. Blood-money is the sure reward of valour, the price of blood the only fee; and it matters not if the prisoner is brought alive to the monarch, as his reeking head is almost equally

valuable. Without a trophy, such as a prisoner or a head, the soldier had better have been killed; disgrace, and often condign punishment, follow to the defaulters of either sex.

There is not a more extraordinary army in the known world than that of the military nation of Dahomey. The nucleus of the national power, the throne, is occupied at the pleasure of the militant people, who claim an annual war as a birthright. If, from want of courage, or any other insufficient reason, the monarch dares to dispute the will of his people, he, who could by serving the vitiated appetites of his soldiers have taken the lives of any, high or low, is as surely dethroned and murdered.

In speaking of the two armies, let not the sensualist imagine that a Dahoman campaign is disgraced by a freedom it would almost be natural to suppose to belong to so curiously disposed an army—half male, half female. On the contrary, the latter are in charge of eunuchs, officered by their own sex, and scorn the softer allurements of their nature. To use their own words, "They are men, not women! their nature is changed! they will conquer or die!" Such expressions could not be openly used, even as mere boasts, by women standing in a jealous position, emulating the most daring acts and achievements of man, unless fundamentally true; and with the certainty of being openly contradicted, and brought to shame, by their fellow-soldiers of the opposite sex. Such then are the amazons, in whose chastity we may believe, when we bear in mind that the extreme exercise of one passion will generally obliterate the very sense of the others. The amazons, while indulging in the excitement of the most fearful cruelties, forget the other desires of our fallen nature.

Superstition assists in the preservation of the chastity of this most singular army. The amazons are accommodated within the precincts of the harem walls, and when abroad share the honour of royal wives. The bell announces to the traveller that he must not gaze on them; and thus they have not much opportunity of joining in conversation with the opposite sex. On the thresholds of the royal portals a charm is set of so determined a nature as to render *enainte* the offender religiously believing its existence. The frail amazon not infrequently sickens, and confesses the seducer's name, though fully aware that the decapitation of herself and her lover is the immediate result.

#### He witnessed

##### A REVIEW OF THE AMAZONS.

His Majesty having asked me if I would wish to see a review of the amazons, to which I acquiesced with delight, ordered three regiments to be paraded. The ground was changed, the men falling back, and a square was marked out for the review. One regiment was distinguished by a white cap with two devices (blue alligators), another by a blue cross, while the third had a blue crown. The officers were recognised by their coral necklaces and superior dresses; while each carried a small whip, which they freely plied when required. After being inspected, they commenced an independent firing, whilst at intervals, rushing from their ranks, many of them would advance to the foot of the throne, address the king, hold aloft their muskets, and then return and fire them. During the review the ministers assembled on the left of the king. On his right were some high officers of the amazons in uniform and neat accoutrements, performing their offices about the king's person; one held a silver spittoon, another the royal hat, a third the club,—a handsome ebony stick ornamented with silver; one proclaimed the conquests of the Dahoman army, while two, as heralds, with long trumpets, blew a blast, and then blazoned forth the numerous names of Gêzo, the king of kings. Immediately in rear of the king sat the "Light of the Harem," under a handsome crimson and gold parasol; around her many an envious maid, whose turn it might be soon to be thus honoured. Their dresses were more gaudy than rich, ornamented with coral and glittering beads.

#### This is the manner of

##### THE WARS OF THE DAHOMANS.

In the months of November or December the king commences his annual wars. For three successive years his people have asked him for war upon a particular place; and he marches forth, concealing until within a day's march the name or the place against which he has brought them. Against the devoted city his troops march, whilst the king, nobles, and royal family remain encamped.

Daylight is generally the time of onset, and every cunning, secrecy, and ingenuity is exercised to take the enemy by surprise. Thus at Okendon, in 1848, one chief turned traitor, and introduced the Dahomans at daylight. They had made a feint on Abeah-Kentah, and in the night fell back upon Okendon. On the opposite side to that attacked, ran a rapid river, and in crossing this many were drowned, and but few saved. Although there was no resistance, all the aged were

decapitated on the spot, to the amount of thousands, and the strength and youth of the city sold into slavery.

The Attahpahms, in the early part of 1840, aware of the Dahoman march, sent every article from their town, with all the aged, youths, and females. Unfortunately, the preparations of the Dahomans struck terror into the minds of the soldiers of the Attahpahms, who, knowing their fate, if conquered, excepting about 400, fled from the city. Yet these 400 resolute men kept the Dahomans in check, killed many, put the males to the rout, and had it not been for a rally of the amazons, would have discomfited the Dahoman army. Had the Attahpahms stood, they would, with ease, have conquered the merciless invaders.

After the destruction of a town, notice is sent to all neighbouring caboceers, or chiefs, calling upon them to swear allegiance to the conqueror. Many do so at once, and receive their original rank, with an equal, a Dahoman, to act as coadjutor: the remainder are persecuted until subjugated.

On the return from war in January, the king resides at Cannah, and what is termed "makes a Fetish," i. e., sacrifices largely, and gives liberal presents to the Fetish people, and, at the same time, purchases the prisoners and heads from his soldiers: the slaves are then sold to the slave merchants, and their blood-money wasted in the ensuing Custom, Hwae-noosewha, as the great annual feast is entitled in Dahoman parlance.

Of these Customs, the most important is that held in March, and called the See-que-ah-hee, at which the king's wealth is profusely displayed, and of which one of the following Journals affords the first description ever given to the world. That which is held in May and June, is in honour of Trade, with music, dancing, and singing. A small schooner on wheels, laden with gifts, is then drawn round the capital, and the cargo afterwards scrambled for by the Dahoman army.

In July, on an appointed day, the soldiers are planted along the road from Abomey to the beach at Whydah, a distance of ninety miles. At the moment when the king drinks, its announcement, by the first gun of a royal salute fired at Abomey, is carried by the musketry to Allahdah, whence the first of a salute there is conveyed similarly by sound to the beach at Whydah, intended as a salute to the Fetish of the Great Waters, or God of Foreign Trade. The boom of the first gun fired by the foreign forts at Whydah is echoed back through Allahdah to Abomey, whence another salute finishes this extraordinary Custom. August and September are occupied by preparations for war, serving out powder, balls, or gun-stones (small ironstones), and much palaver on war subjects. Before going to war the king makes a custom to the memory of his father, which generally lasts a month; and thus ends the year, keeping the nation in a fever of excitement, dancing, singing, haranguing, firing, and cutting off heads; thus demoralising more and more the natures of a people already among the most barbarous of the African nations.

The cowrie-shell is the current coin of Dahomey, and 2000 of them bear the value of about a dollar, but sometimes 2600 may be obtained for that piece of coin. It required five women to carry for Commander FORBES a present of fifty dollars! Now let us inspect a portrait of

#### THE KING OF DAHOMY.

The walls of the palace of Dange-lah-cordeh are surmounted, at a distance of twenty feet, with human skulls, many of which ghastly ornaments time has decayed, and the wind blown down. Happy omen! they are not replaced. The square of the palace was filled with armed people, seated on their hams, the polished barrels of their Danish muskets standing up like a forest. Under a thatched gateway was the king, surrounded by his immediate wives; while on each side sat the amazons, all in uniform, armed and accoutred; and in the centre of the square squatted the males. Hundreds of banners and umbrellas enlivened the scene, and a constant firing from great guns and small arms increased the excitement.

When near the king's seat we came to a halt, while the caboceers bowed down and kissed the dust. Passing before the throne, we bowed and made the circuit of the square three times, the caboceers prostrating, and ourselves repeating our obeisances each time that we passed the royal seat. On the third time, the ministers and caboceers formed a line to the king's position, and, as we stepped from our hammocks, the king, who had been reclining, rose, and forty discordant bands struck up a quick step, whilst guns were fired, and all shouted, except the ministers and caboceers, who prostrated themselves and threw dirt on their heads as we advanced and shook hands with the king. His Dahoman Majesty, King Gèzo, is about forty-eight years of age, good-looking, with nothing of the negro

feature, his complexion wanting several shades of being black; his appearance commanding, and his countenance intellectual, though stern in the extreme. That he is proud there can be no doubt, for he treads the earth as if it were honoured by its burden. Were it not for a slight cast in his eye, he would be a handsome man. Contrasted with the gaudy attire of his ministers, wives, and caboceers (of every hue, and laden with coral, gold, silver, and brass ornaments), the king was plainly dressed, in a loose robe of yellow silk, slashed with satin stars and half-moons, Mandingo sandals, and a Spanish hat, trimmed with gold lace; the only ornament being a small gold chain of European manufacture.

The king having asked us to drink, rose, with his glass in hand, and tapped each of ours; then there thundered forth a salute of guns, almost drowned by the shouts of the multitude. The ministers and caboceers danced and the eunuchs and ladies held cloths before the king. Men must not see the king eat or drink.

When the firing was over, Ahpolpoo-nomeh and Hietengah, the colonels, and many amazon officers, were introduced, and drank our health; in return, I gave them two kegs of rum. The chief of Dasa was then introduced; he was a prisoner on parole, the same chief that was uncivil to Mr. Duncan on his travels. We now took leave; the king, in compliment, seeing us on our road. As he stepped forth, the whole crowd rose as a man, fired off their muskets, and shouted; the din and noise was consequently terrific. They then closed round the king, whilst the bands played a quick step. When we had arrived at the end of the square he took leave, shaking hands and snapping alternate fingers and thumbs thrice.

#### From the monarch we naturally turn to

##### THE MINISTERS OF STATE.

At half-past nine, we again entered the palace of Dange-la-cordeh. We were ushered into an inner court, the door of which was ornamented with two human skulls. The court was in shape a parallelogram, one of the lengthened sides being occupied by a long low-roofed building, in the centre of which were two canopies of coloured cloths, one for the king and his first wives, the other for the females of the blood royal. At the further end stood three small tents, the centre one surmounted by a large silver ostrich, with outstretched wings, under which were two real ostrich's eggs; the other two covering each a large glass chandelier. As usual there was a neutral ground, on one side of which sat the amazons; on the other we occupied the principal position, surrounded by ministers, &c. On the neutral ground were the ornamented skulls of kings; and on their knees, engrossed in serious converse, the too-noo-noo and mae-hae-pah. As usual the mayo and ee-a-voo-gan were prostrate in the dirt, while we bowed to the king; and a band of singers and music called upon the assemblage to look with pride at their king, visited by ambassadors of all nations and colours.

We were no sooner seated, as usual with several bottles of strong waters at our disposal, then a herald stepped forward, and called the camboodee (treasurer) and too-noo-noo (eunuch), who, prostrating, crawled to a crimson velvet cloth in front of the royal seat, on each side of which they sat to superintend the disbursements which the generosity of the monarch bestowed on his officers. The herald having called the migan, who was sick, next called the mayo. The aged minister flung himself into the dust, and crawled on to the crimson cloth, where he knelt, and received in his robe (a handsome highly embroidered sky-blue cloth) from the royal hand 16,000 cowries, and eight dollars, with which he staggered to the rear, when, having counted them, he returned, knelt, and threw dirt on his head and arms. What a state of subjection, when it is understood that this man pays 2000 heads of cowries annually to the king!

In this way followed the several ministers, caboceers, traders, and high officers, a list of whom is annexed; the greater part receiving only a head and a half of cowries, but all performing the same degrading and disgusting ceremony. The royal bounty was extended to strangers; the cha-cha and ourselves received each six heads of cowries, but instead of kotowing we drank health in gin.

In the court yard were two crown birds and a beautiful gazelle. Heralds proclaimed the royal titles, and sycophants extolled, in flowing language, the liberality of the monarch. Several court fools exercised their wit and ingenuity.

Poh-veh-soo, the headsman and fool before-named, has a coadjutor in the harem; this pair of ruffians were marked round the eyes and mouth with whitewash, thus giving the head the appearance of a skull. As an interlude, about noon, the gates of each end of the quadrangle were thrown open, and a party of men and women, jaded and overlaid, the former headed by Poh-veh-soo, the latter by his coadjutor, were seen to advance towards the king's position. It would appear

to require all the care and attention of the master and mistress to keep their overlaid carriers from dropping; they wiped off the perspiration, fed them with corn, rubbed their joints, and did all they could to make their large loads bearable. At last they reached the foot of the throne; and in the middle of a speech made by Poh-veh-soo, and interlarded by his coadjutor, in which they explained that from a great distance they had brought these baskets of corn and burdens of firewood, to present them to the most liberal, generous monarch in the known world, exhausted nature apparently gave way, the carriers tottered, and falling, exposed baskets of shavings and straw, and bundles of pith of bamboo.

Another fool rolled to the foot of the throne in a bag, and, imitating the call of a guinea fowl, pecked up the corn which the king threw to him in the shape of cowries, which act of liberality was at once lauded by the sycophants and other courtier fools.

#### Equally strange are the

##### COSTUMES AT DAHOMY.

The dress of the soldier and amazon is a tunic, short trousers, and skull-cap, all in uniform. The general dress of the Dahomans is a small cloth round the loins, and a large country or foreign cloth, or silk, &c., thrown over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm and breast bare, and reaching to the ankles. Hats are seldom worn, shoes never; the king, however, wears sandals. The women wear a cloth reaching to the knee, fastened under their breasts, and leaving them exposed; as they advance in years their breasts hang as much as two feet long, and are truly disgusting to European eyes. According to rank and wealth, anklets and armlets of all metals, and necklaces of glass, coral, and Popoe beads, are worn by both sexes. The popoe bead is of glass, about half an inch long, and perforated. It is dug up in a country inland of Popoe, and cannot be imitated: all attempts hitherto have been detected. Hence it is very expensive, selling for half its weight in gold. It seems to me most probable that where they are found formerly stood a large town, destroyed by war, and that the dead (as is usual in Dahomey and neighbouring parts in the present day) having been buried with their ornaments, some chemical property, that has destroyed the remains of the inhumed, was hardened and slightly changed the appearance of the glass bead. The natives have a tradition that they are the excrement of a large serpent, or dragon, which (to account for its never being seen), if man beholds, he dies.

Dahoman houses, from the palace to the farm, all are similar. Walls either of clay or palm branches, enclose, according to the number of inmates, courts and houses of all sizes, made of clay, and thatched with grass.

A bamboo bedstead or a few mats, some country pots and agricultural implements, and weapons, a loom of coarse material, besides the insignia of office (if a caboceer or head man), are all the furniture. A store in each house is provided with cloths, grain, foreign goods, &c. according to the wealth of the owner. Within the enclosure are all domestic animals, and invariably a dog. The diet is simple, consisting chiefly of messes of meat and vegetable, mixed with palm oil and pepper, with which is eaten a corn cake called kankee, or a dab-adab. There is very little variety. A mixture of beans, peppers, and palm oil, is made into a cake, and sold to travellers; yams and cassada form the staples of food. Foreign liquors are scarce and expensive; and as palm wine is forbidden by the king, the chief drinks are a very palatable malt called pito, and a sort of burgo called akkah-sar. Drunkenness is not allowed; nor is there, except in Whydah, much opportunity for it. As a public example, the king kept a drunkard and fed him on rum, and exhibited him at the customs, that his emaciated and disgusting appearance might shame his people from making beasts of themselves: this terrible example is dead.

Cruelty is always the accompaniment of barbarism. Respect for human life is the invariable accompaniment of civilization. In Dahomey the people make a festival of

##### HUMAN SACRIFICES.

There was much to disgust the white man in the number of human skulls and jaw bones displayed; but can the reader imagine twelve unfortunate human beings lashed hand and foot, and tied in small canoes and baskets, dressed in clean white dresses, with a high red cap, carried on the heads of fellow-men.

These and an alligator and a cat were the gift of the monarch to the people—prisoners of war, whose only crime was that they were of the nation of Attapahm, which nation Dahomey had picked out for destruction; and *ex vicis!* These men were not soldiers, but agriculturists, not living in the protection of a town, nor found under arms, but discovered peaceably in posses-



sion of their farms; they had seen the aged of their families murdered, and the young and strong seized, and being chosen, were to become the sacrifices to the vitiated appetites of the soldiers, made by the monarch, who, to show his liberality, presented able-bodied, strong men as victims.

When carried round the court, they bore the gaze of their enemies without shrinking; at the foot of the throne they halted, while the mayo presented each with a head of cowries, extolling the munificence of the monarch, who sent it to them to purchase a last meal, for tomorrow they were to die.

#### We conclude with a description of

##### ABOMEY, THE CAPITAL OF DAHOMEY.

No visitor can enter Abomey without a sensation of disappointment in the want of grandeur, and disgust in the ghastly ornaments of its gateway. The city is about eight miles in circumference, surrounded by a ditch, about five feet deep, filled with the prickly acacia, its only defence. It is entered by six gates, which are simply clay walls, crossing the road, with two apertures, one reserved for the king, the other a thoroughfare for his subjects. In each aperture are two human skulls; and on the inside a pile of skulls, human, and of all the beasts of the field, even to the elephant's. Besides these six gates, the ditch, which is of an oval form, branches off, at each side the north-west gate, to the north and north-west, and over each branch is a similar gateway, for one only purpose—to mislead an enemy in a night attack. In the centre of the city are the palaces of Dange-lah-cordeh and Agrim-gomeh, adjoining; on the north stands the original palace of Dahomey; about these, and to the south gate, are houses, the most conspicuous of which are those of the ministers. In front of Agrim-gomeh is an extensive square, in which are the barracks and a high shed or palaver house, a saluting battery of fifteen guns, and a stagnant pond. Just inside the south-east gate (the Cannah) are a saluting battery and pond, and numerous blacksmith's shops. The roads or streets are in good order; and, though there are not any shops, the want of them is supplied by two large markets—Ah-jah-ee, to the eastward of the central palace, at once a market, parade, and sacrificial ground; and Hung jooloh, just opposite the south gate. Besides these are several smaller markets, the stalls of which are all owned, and are generally attended by women, the wives of all classes and orders, from the miegans to the blacksmiths. The fetish houses are numerous, and ridiculously ornamented. Cloths are manufactured within the palaces and houses. The only other manufacture is in a pottery, which, with a dye-house, is a royal monopoly, inasmuch as the royal wives work them; and none may approach the factory. Within the city are large waste lands and many cultivated farms. There are no regular streets, and it is difficult for a European to imagine himself in the capital of a large country, as all the houses are surrounded by high red clay walls, which enclose large forest trees, besides orange, banana, and other fruit trees. All the houses are low and thatched, and one only, in the palace of Dange-lah-cordeh, and one in that of Cumassee, can boast of two stories. Leaving the south gate, the traveller passes through the town of Beh-kon, occupied principally by the palaces of Cumassee and Ahgon-groo, and the houses of the ministers; whilst from the south-west gate the road leads to another royal palace. The Dahoman capital is, in fact, entirely unprotected by its walls and gates, and built in the most ill-judged of positions for so large a city. For a distance of five miles on every side there is no water. Passing out of the north gate, the traveller soon arrives at a most beautiful point of view. Standing on an eminence of some hundred feet, a fertile valley lies stretched at his feet, bounded in the extreme north-west by the lofty summits of the Dab-a-Dab hills, tinged with blue, and looming larger from the distant view. Here and there about this fertile plain are small oozy reservoirs of water, from which the sole supply of that necessary element is obtained for the populous city. With so scanty and precarious a supply, it may be well supposed that fresh water is a luxury in Abomey, and the cry of "Seedagbee" (good water,) as constant as the "Agua de Lisboa" of the Gallegos in Portugal.

#### FICTION.

*Rose Douglas; or Sketches of a Country Parish; being the Autobiography of a Scotch Minister's Daughter.* In 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1851.

We cannot pass a more flattering judgment upon this work than to state that we have risen from its perusal in some doubt whether it is fact or fiction. There is an air of truthfulness about it, which proclaims it to have at least a foundation in the actual experiences

of the writer; places are depicted from memory, not from fancy; most, if not all of the personages introduced to us are manifestly portraits from the life.

In its quiet manner, its tone of unaffected piety, its graphic pictures, composed not of bold outlines, but by Dutch-like minuteness of detail, *Rose Douglas* reminds us of the *Cottager's of Glenburnie*. The authoress has found the materials of a deeply interesting story within the narrow limits of a Scotch parish, proving that which we have so often ventured to inculcate upon novelists, namely, the prudence of confining their descriptions to manners, and modes of life, and circles of society, with which they have a personal acquaintance, and of avoiding the vain attempt to depict those which are so much above or so much below them, that their knowledge can only be gathered from report, and whom, therefore, they cannot but misrepresent, while the reader feels the want of reality in the descriptions, whatever the pains bestowed upon them. This work proves also another truth which we have sought no less earnestly to proclaim, that an account of any class of persons, however insignificant, in themselves, faithfully and minutely rendered, has for all of us an interest which can be awakened by no creations of the mere fancy—because "we have all of us one human heart."

There is not much of novelty in the story of *Rose Douglas*; there is no romance, in the circulating library meaning of that term. The people introduced are a common place, everyday sort of people. The incidents are such as continually occur. Yet is the attention speedily absorbed in the narrative. Unconsciously the characters make your acquaintance; you learn to know them, as in real life, by degrees, one trait coming out after another; your curiosity is roused; you become very intimate with them; they stand before your mind's eye distinct in shape and substance, living, speaking, acting; you think of them as of persons you have known. You are concerned in their fortunes, rejoice in their happiness, sympathize with their sorrows, grieve for their misfortunes. This is the highest art of the novelist.

The style suits the subject. It is unaffectedly simple, the natural language of a mind which has clear ideas and desires to express them clearly. The dialogues, which are the great test of a novelist's capacities, are, as they should be, *talkings*, and not declamations or discourses. They carry on the story, instead of merely filling the pages, and they are dramatic.

As a specimen of this we will extract the description of

##### THE PARISH OF AUCHTERMUIR.

It was principally composed, at the period of which I write, of small farmers and their labourers; men who in general were born on the same soil which their fathers had cultivated, and whose habits of life were frugal and simple. The dwellings, or steadings (as they were called) of the farmers, were mostly situated at considerable distances from each other: some of them in very lonely situations; but their inhabitants were accustomed to the solitude, and were sufficiently interested in their own pursuits. The rest of the population, which consisted of labourers, a few weavers and other artisans (some of whom held small fens, and were deservedly considered a respectable class), was contained in the various small villages scattered among the moors. The habitations which formed these little groups were hardly to be discerned from the waste on which they were situated. Low, rude, and irregularly clustered together, scarcely differing in colour, and not much in height, from the broken soil around them, by the eye of a stranger they might almost have been overlooked. A small patch of cultivated land, redeemed from the moss, generally lay to the front or rear of these cottages, on which the inhabitants raised (almost promiscuously) oats, potatoes, and green mail. Wretched as these dwellings were in outward appearance, they often possessed much homely comfort in their interior arrangements. There were the warm and kindly peat fire, around which in the evenings the whole family usually assembled, the well-arranged *bink*, and the *corner aumrie*, whose open door afforded the stranger a glimpse of various old-fashioned china and crystal. One thing was never missing in the apartment, a spin-

ning-wheel, the "gude wife's" pride and solace, and which itself spoke of industry and comfort. The inhabitants of these cottages resembled their dwellings. Although rude in their external appearance and habits, they were industrious and honest, and possessed of much shrewdness and sagacity. Few of them could be called illiterate; many of them had read much, though the works they perused were all of one class. Controversial writings on religious subjects were the favorites amongst them—a few songs and ballads formed the only variety. Still their knowledge was derived from the pulpit as much as from authors.

Wearied and toil-worn though the hard-wrought cotter might be, his evenings were often devoted to study. Seated in his own chair by the fire, and surrounded by his family silently plying their tasks, he would occasionally read aloud for their benefit, making, of course, his own comments as he proceeded, what appeared to him to be striking and appropriate passages from some work, the composition, perhaps, of one of Scotland's old but able divines. At such time he was generally listened to with quiet and even devout attention; the children were hushed, and indeed were fully aware of the consequences that would follow the interruption of such an employment. The farmers and cotters' hearths were thus often the scenes of much piety and scriptural knowledge. Many of these men were descended from some of Scotland's martyred champions in the cause of truth. Such lineage was their glory and boast; and was, perhaps, a means of keeping awake that spirit of inquiry, and that noble enthusiasm which once animated thousands, and adorned our annals with martyrs.

On the Sabbath, however, the cottager appeared to the greatest advantage. Arrayed in his best and well-preserved suit, and accompanied by his family in the decent and sober garments becoming their station, he was to be seen in his place in the humble church, listening to his pastor with not only the eagerness and devotion of a Christian thirsting for instruction, but with the ability and acuteness of an able though homely critic. In the evening he carefully catechised his family, without exception, and then concluded with solemn devotional exercises. Such, O Scotland, were once thy peculiar children. Such, I trust, are many still, though the seeds of indifference and unbelief are now thickly sown even over thy purple hills, and among thy secluded valleys. Still, though the beauty of thy national character seems fading away for ever, there will surely, in some of thy solitary glens, and in the lonelier recesses of thy mountains, be left a remnant, who, with the primitive tastes and habits of their fathers, will still unite in loving and reverencing that faith for which these fought and died, sealing their testimony with their blood!

The parish of Auchtermuir is situated at the distance of several miles from the county town; and as no great road lay in our direction, we led a very retired life. There were, indeed, several families, not exactly in our immediate neighbourhood, but within walking distance. Nothing, however, like daily or even weekly intercourse took place between us. The ease and constant movements of modern society would have been felt by them, not only as wrong, but as irksome, requiring lonely attention to dress, and breaking in upon all habits of order and frugality. In their eyes they would have been associated with idleness and vice. For such calls were, therefore, only exchanged once or twice in the year, and occasional tea-drinking brought us together; each family, unless visited by sickness, making it a point to assemble their neighbours once, and at most twice, every year. There were the surgeon and his wife. They were our most distant neighbours, with the exception of an old widow lady, who, with only one servant, lived in a very solitary house near the hills. There was the school-master's family. There were three elderly maiden ladies who rented an old-fashioned mansion-house, a mile and a half from us, on the road to the town; and a writer to the signet's family from Edinburgh, consisting of father and son, two young ladies and their former governess. This last family only lived among us during the summer months, and were very proud and stiff in their manners, and somewhat disagreeable. These were the only families within visiting distance. A few lairds (in England they would be called small proprietors) there were around us, most of whom were unmarried, and led pretty hard, rough lives. We occasionally met them at some of the tea-drinkings I have mentioned.

*Fernley Manor. A Novel.* By Mrs. MAC-KENZIE DANIELS, Author of "My Sister Minnie," &c. In 3 vols. London: Newby.

Mrs. DANIELS ought to take a higher place than she at present occupies in the Literary World. She really writes very well, much better than many we could name who have a wider reputation, and assume, and are per-

mitted, a position among the aristocracy of authorship. She deserves, especially, to be presented to the public in a respectable costume, neatly and *correctly* printed, with a punctuation that should help the reader instead of perplexing him, and an orthography tolerably in accordance with the custom of the English language. In short, she is entitled to a more tasteful and accurate printer, and we have no doubt that her appearance in so slovenly a garb tends not a little to depress her in the esteem of the literary public who, like the rest of the world, permits itself to be much governed by appearances.

But if the reader will surmount the prejudice thus created, and read on, he will find a great deal that will reward his perseverance. *Fernley Manor* is a story of no common interest, the plot being woven with a power of invention that will surprise the patrons of English novels, although it is rarely absent from the fictions of the French. It is in this that our neighbours undoubtedly excel us, and we cannot but respect a novelist who may almost rival them in this faculty, the only one wanting to a complete triumph, for in all other departments of the art of fiction-writing we are their superiors. We beat them in power of description, in truthfulness of portraiture of persons and places, in humour, in pathos, in poetry. We lack only the faculty of invention and the sparkling vivacity which make the French novels so readable. Mrs. DANIELS certainly deserves applause for having constructed a novel that exhibits less of our national defect than any we have read for a long time. It indicates continued and rapid improvement.

#### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*The Vision of the Vatican; a Satire.* By J. J. J. A. London: Strange.

*The Nuptials of Barcelona; a Tale of Priestly Frailty and Spanish Tyranny.* By R. N. DUNBAR. Second Edition. London: Saunders and Otley. 1851.

*Poems and Tales, with an Autobiographical Sketch of his Early Life.* By the Rev. W. WICKENDEN, B.A. London: Hall, Virtue and Co. 1851.

*The Emigrant Ship, and other Poems.* By JAMES LISTER SMITH. London: Hope and Co. 1851.

*The Helleniad; an Epic Poem.* Part I. By GEORGE MCHENRY. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1850.

*The Vision of the Vatican* is almost the only, and, within our experience, by far the best, poetical result of the anti-papal agitation. It is hearty and outspoken with a vengeance. The author is evidently glad of the opportunity for a smash all round at Pope, Bishop, Puseyite, and Oratorian; and bowls them down like nine-pins. There is something too much, indeed, of abuse on principle—and of the broadest, such as makes the satire pay in pungency for what it gains in downrightness. The more delicate particles generally precipitate in notes. It takes us back pretty nearly to the days of WOOLCOTT and GILRAY—days of lampoon and caricature, between which and the sarcasm of a D'ISRAELI or the implied ridicule of a LEECH, there is a wide interval. As, however, in the last century the most unmitigated Billingsgate often came from the mouths most familiar with the digamma, most learned and eloquent on the force of Greek particles and accents, so here does no amount of voluntary concealment divest the author of his finer self; and traces of the gentleman and the scholar are found in plenty. The subjoined extract is rather in the satirist's milder mood:

The enraptured Viceroy next beholds with glee  
A half-fledged Roman in a British see;  
With Roman coat and artificial pallor;  
Mild self-denial, gentlemanly aqualor;  
His whole devotion a half-cracked pretence,  
And his poor head full of "non-natural sense."

If such a man had means of being wise,  
I'd say his life was now a mass of lies:—  
But that were harsh; he's weak. Of his transgression  
His long ears make auricular confession!  
Long the poor fellow wonders if his soul  
Would not be better in an alb and stole.  
Then, bit by bit, he fits his church at last  
With all his brave old ancestors threw past.  
Here figure candles; strange garbs figure there:  
The folks who come to pray are forced to stare.  
His sermons soon create a sad sensation;  
He gently flirts with Transubstantiation;  
Till, by degrees to fuller practice grown,  
For Christ's blessed bread, he offers you a stone.

Some apology is due to "J. J. J. A." for the fellowship to which we have introduced him; though, indeed, he may challenge the contrast in his own interest. Let us pass to the "Tale of Priestly Frailty."

Mr. DUNBAR "returns to his vomit;" and we are to be obliged to him for doing so in a purely sanatory and public-spirited point of view. "The present juncture seemed to him opportune for reprinting it in a separate and cheaper form." We were already aware that, after rain,

The cold soft toads out of damp corners creep.

It is one of the most hideous features of national upheavings that no garbage is too despicable to be foisted on craving palates as the food they seek; no voice too cracked to swell the chorus; no aid too damaging to be claimed as a merit. Mr. DUNBAR has palmed off on a recorded incident, episode, and "embellishments" of his own; giving his countenance to an opinion of DRYDEN that, "though the fancy may be great, and the words flowing, yet the soul is but half satisfied where there is not truth in the foundation." Of the words, this is a specimen:

Did I not warn thee how you needless stray.

the fancy must certainly be daring—possibly a Pallas born of the pocket—which imagines that "priestly frailty" is to be counteracted thus, or that this second edition is a gain to the Protestant cause.

Mr. WICKENDEN'S *Poems and Tales* (to which Dr. STEBBING has written a preface) are dedicated to the memory of JENNER. Some details concerning him are introduced into an autobiographical sketch by the author, whose efforts he appears to have been first in encouraging. Nurtured without any intrinsic aids to poetic development, Mr. WICKENDEN (now known as "the Bard of the Forest," and by his "adventures in Circassia") certainly showed, in these stanzas written in his sixth year, a most singular aptitude at verse:

Violet, pretty simple flower,  
Peeping from thy mossy bow,  
Where the streamlet, rippling lone,  
Creeps around yon cress-wrapped stone.

The booming bee, enamoured, sips  
All the honey of thy lips;  
The butterfly, frail gaudy thing,  
Wooes thee on her glittering wing.

*The Emigrant Ship* is designed "to paint the thoughts and feelings which constitute what may be termed the poetry of life;"—termed so by Mr. SMITH probably; but, by his reader, we fear, the conventionalism of verse. There is a sovereign disregard here of all truth in language, while the theme is of ordinary life, and even professes to be taken from fact. The lyric

To the dead a long farewell,

is not without merit, though such as scarcely warrants quotation. The final poem, "Serpention," is curiously wretched. Mr. SMITH's pathetic vein does not greatly disturb one's serenity; but the reader who plunges into his broad comedy is already in the Valley of the shadow of Death.

An epic closes our list; one whose fellow we may wait for till Mr. JOSEPH HUME shall turn poet; irrespective, that is, of the second portion, which Mr. MCHENRY "intends to denominate 'the Pride of Xerxes,' and expects to contain about as much matter as the first;" and he is quite certain to write it. There is much painstaking in *The Helleniad*. It has evidently cost its author some reading and labour, and he has done his best to make it

correct in matters of detail. There is a well-intentioned historical impartiality in it, moreover, all which makes us loth to say that, as poetry, it is an utter failure. Could we but persuade Mr. MCHENRY to abandon his projected sequel, and turn his energies to their proper account. But we have no hope of that. The general level of the poem is diversified by such passages as the ensuing; not to be matched, probably in the whole range of epic:

While thus engaged, a fit of sneezing seized,  
Attended with a cough, the traitor prince,  
And knocked a tooth out from his bony gums,  
Loosened by age, which fell upon the sand,  
Much to his grief. The armed warriors sought  
The osseous excrement, as though it were  
A gem of priceless value.

The following accident to General MITHRADES speaks of the Scotch penny-a-liner: an attic one would have vainly attempted to be so prosaic:

He was struck with fright,  
Remorse, and horror,—and as swiftly fled  
As fear permitted; in his headlong race  
Vaulting the fence so heedless that he fell,  
And put his thigh-bone out of joint, and hurt  
His knee severely.

Two good lines we have found in the poem, and we give the reader and the writer the benefit of them at parting:

The very string is twisted gossamer,  
Spun by the winds on solemn silent nights.

W. M. R.

*The Omnipresence of the Deity; with other Poems.* By ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A. Twenty-fifth edition, revised and considerably augmented. London: A. Hall and Co. 1849.

A TWENTY-FIFTH edition anticipates criticism, and, indeed, public voice has long since pronounced the *Omnipresence of the Deity* entitled to a permanent place among the poetry of England. It was Mr. MONTGOMERY'S first production, and that which immediately made him famous. His subsequent works have maintained the position thus early acquired, but they have not surpassed their elder brother in popularity, however they may have exceeded him in substantial worth. This last and very elegant edition of a first and most successful poem has been again improved by revision and correction, and many minor pieces are appended. The volume is handsomely bound with gilded edges, and especially adapted for presents and prizes.

#### RELIGION.

*The Calendar of the Anglican Church Illustrated.* London: J. W. Parker.

THE design of this work is novel and excellent. It proposes to give a full account of all the holy days recognized by the Church of England, including the antiquarian lore connected with them, as the histories of the Saints in memory of whom they are preserved; engravings of ancient calendars, almanacs, portraits of the saints from glass windows, statues, or illuminated manuscripts; monuments, and such like. To the Calendar are added some "Remarks on the Dedications of English Churches," a subject almost new in Ecclesiology, and in which research may be profitably employed. It is a curious inquiry why the particular saint was selected. The compiler of this work has commenced the investigation. The first class consists of churches named after those whose missionary labours first diffused the gospel in the locality. "Near where they landed they generally erected cells and oratories, living austere lives, converting the neighbouring people, and reposing at their deaths in the chapels they had built." A new church was founded on or near the same spot, taking the name of the chapel and its saint. Others receive their dedication from being the burial place of the saint, and this is the cause of double dedications.

Another class is referrible to the possession of relics, and to this we may assign the foreign saints who have, usually, but one dedication in this country. Many are named in honour of the founder, others as being the scene of a martyrdom.

Another curious fact is, the prevalence of certain dedications in certain districts, which



may be traced to the saints' birth in the neighbourhood; or from its being the scene of the labours of the holy men and women commemorated. Thus, ST. KENTIGERN has eight churches dedicated to him in Cumberland. ST. CHAD has thirty-three churches dedicated to him, and ST. CUTHBERT no less than sixty, eighteen of which are in Yorkshire; fifty-five are named after ST. EDMUND; ST. OSWALD fifty-seven, and ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY sixty-four; of which, strange to say, two only are in the county of Kent: an illustration of the saying as to prophets at home.

ST. GILES is the patron saint of beggars, and the churches dedicated to him are usually situate at the outskirts of a city, as if in some way connected with the bestowal of alms before their entrance into the town. ST. GILES, at Cambridge, stands at the junction of three different entrances, and that at Oxford where two approaching roads meet.

Other dedications may be referred to the particular merits attached to the saint by the founders. ST. GEORGE, as the tutelary saint of England. ST. DENYS OF FRANCE would be a favourite after the Norman conquest. ST. MARY MAGDALEN would be likely to be chosen by a penitent. Besides, in the middle ages, it was the custom for every person to place himself under a patron saint, and to that saint persons would be likely to dedicate any foundation of their own.

Another new and very interesting mine opened in this volume is the section devoted to *Emblems*, of which a great number are collected, engraved and explained. They are divided into three classes, the Early Christian, the Evangelistic and the Medieval, and a general index of Emblems is added.

It will be apparent from this brief and imperfect account of the volume, how interesting and valuable a contribution it is to Ecclesiastical Literature.

*The Pictorial Family Bible. With copious original Notes.* By J. KITTO, D.D. Part I. London: Orr and Co.

THIS new, beautiful, and most acceptable edition of the Holy Scriptures has many recommendations. Its size is quarto, with a bold, clear type. It is enriched with notes, not doctrinal, but explanatory of the geography, history, chronology, and natural history to which the text has any allusion, or which might help to make it more intelligible, all this mass of information being composed of the valuable notes in CHARLES KNIGHT'S *Pictorial Bible*, in addition to the materials that travellers and students have supplied since its publication, and whose investigations were to a considerable extent prompted by the example which DR. KITTO had set them in that work of the sort of materials that were required to illustrate the Scriptures, and which were found by families to be so much more useful and profitable than doctrinal discussions, necessarily one-sided. Besides this mass of instructive reading, there is the attraction of abundant pictorial illustrations, almost every page having one or more, and these not mere fanciful devices, but aid the explanatory purposes of the notes, and teach by the eye, as objects of natural history, views of the places spoken of, sketches of antiquities, and, when fancy has been pressed into the service, it is to present copies of famous pictures by the great Masters, which are improving to the taste. Besides all these recommendations, it is wonderfully cheap, no less than eighty pages being given for a shilling! Who is there who will not be the owner of such a Bible as this?

## EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

*Self-Suggestive Chronology.* By W. T. IMESON, B.A. Longman and Co.

THE fatal defect of all artificial memories lies in this, that it is as difficult to recall the sign by which the name or the number is to be suggested as to recall the name or the number itself. MR. IMESON'S scheme differs from DR. GRAY'S in making the prefixes organically suggestive; the number of letters in the name, or part of the name, gives the tens, the number of letters in the word indicating the fact gives the units. Thus, to remember the date of the accession of Henry VI. we must recall the word To-tu-tu-Henry. Is not this to make confusion more confounded?

*Rudiments of Chemistry. With Illustrations of the Chemistry of Daily Life.* By D. B. REID, M.D. 4th edition. London: Baillière.

A BOOK, not for little children, but for boys and girls, and even for men and women, desirous of acquainting themselves with the elements of chemical science, and especially with its application to the purposes of daily life. DR. REID'S skill as a lecturer and experimentalist must be well known to most of our metropolitan readers. But country friends will be pleased to learn that in this excellent little book they can obtain the substance of these agreeable and instructive lectures, and master, by reading, the entire chemistry of the tea-table, the garden, and other matters daily presented to their eyes, but of whose *rationale* they are probably ignorant. It should be placed in every school and village library, and if pupils were required to read it, and then be submitted to a familiar examination upon it, illustrating their answers with experiments, it would be very attractive to them, and give an assurance that they really understand what they read.

*History of England for Junior Classes.* Edited by HENRY WHITE. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

THIS history is *not* adapted for junior, but only for senior, classes. MR. WHITE, like four-fifths of those who pretend to write books for the young, uses language far above their comprehension. Why cannot he address them in familiar expressions—in the vernacular, in short, instead of "dictionary language," as it is expressively termed. Let him, if he again attempts to write a book for children, take as his model the history now being published in *Household Words*. We cannot recommend this one to any teacher or parent.

*Outlines of Physical Geography.* By WILLIAM HUGHES. Second Edition. London: Longman.

HERE again is the fault we have so frequently to complain of. This book is above the comprehension of young persons. MR. HUGHES can explain himself familiarly if he pleases. Geography admits of being imparted in simple language. Why does he not employ such, instead of the hard words which are found in every page?

*An Introductory Atlas of Modern Geography.* By E. HUGHES. London: Longman.

A SMALL and very convenient atlas for the use of schools and families. It is portable and cheap.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The British Officer, his Position, Emoluments, and Privileges, &c. &c.* By J. B. STOCQUELER. Author of the "Handbook of India," &c. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1851.

THIS work performs for the Officer in the British service the same useful purpose that the book of practice performs for the Lawyer. It teaches him all that he is required to know relating to his duties, and all that he ought to know relating to his position, privileges, rights, emoluments, and of the rules, regulations, and usages of a *personal* nature. The number and extent of these rules and customs affecting personal action, advancement and remuneration, are not suspected by the non-military world, and even within it are but imperfectly known, for want of such a collection of them as MR. STOCQUELER has at length supplied. He says that, "excepting the Brevet promotion of the fortunate soldier, the conferment of the honours of the Bath, and the acquisition of the means of purchasing promotion, nothing in the Officer's career is the result of accident; conformity to rule marks his prosperous progress, and by rule alone is his elevation to the highest rank determined. Yet British Officers, as a body, are very imperfectly acquainted with what materially concerns themselves; the 'Queen's Regulations and Orders' are required to be possessed and read, but the number of Officers who master them is very small; while information regarding the important subject of Pay and Allowances, under their multitudinous forms, is only acquired through the fortuitous circumstances which give a temporary title to one or the other. This imperfect knowledge of matters so important and desirable to be known is not,

however, the fault of the officer, as much information, even of essential importance, is placed beyond his reach. The innumerable warrants, memoranda, circulars, &c., affecting the pecuniary and other interests of the Service, do not find their way into the hands of every Officer, and are frequently limited to Commanding Officers, Paymasters, Auditors, and others; besides being constantly amended, corrected, and superseded, so that they are almost a sealed volume to the British Officer. Sometimes they are entered in the *Orderly Books*, but then are only hastily scanned and often forgotten amidst the occupation and pastimes of Barrack or Cantonment Life."

To supply this scattered, difficult-to-be-attained and yet most useful and necessary information, is the design of this volume. The contents are very methodically arranged. The first part treats of "the Organization of the British Army" under the divisions of the Cavalry, Infantry, and Local Corps in the Colonies. In the second part, he describes the various Regimental Officers and Staff, with their precise appointments, emoluments, and duties. The third part treats of the General and Staff Officers, and the Personal Staff; the fourth, of the Miscellaneous *quasi*-military establishments, as the Yeomanry Cavalry, the Militia, Gentlemen at Arms, Yeomen of the Guard, &c., and of the Military Hospitals and Colleges. The fifth part gathers together a mass of miscellaneous information as to the pay and allowances, forage regulations, horses, passage allowances, messing and rations, losses, recruiting, commission, promotion, exchanges, brevet-rank, presentation at court, leave of absence, salutes, bands, funerals, pensions, prize money, half-pay, arrests, court martial, the articles of war, &c. &c., and the last part is devoted to the like information relative to the East India Company's Service.

Even this contracted outline of its contents will prove that this book is an indispensable hand book for the British Officer. He can scarcely become accomplished in his profession without close study of it, and it will be in constant requisition for reference.

*The Dialect and Folk Lore of Northamptonshire.* By THOMAS STERNBERG. London: J. R. Smith. 1851.

THIS volume will interest, not only the natives of Northamptonshire, but all who study antiquities. After an elaborate glossary of the provincial terms of the City, the Author introduces a collection of its *Folk Lore*, that is to say, its popular superstitions, sayings, customs, &c. &c.

A similar volume to this should be compiled for each County, to preserve for posterity the memory of language and manners now fast dying out.

## PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*The Gentleman's Magazine and Historical Review*, for February. MR. CUNNINGHAM continues his "Story of Nell Gwyn," which increases in interest as it proceeds. Among the other valuable or curious contributions to this number of the revived parent of the Magazines, are some newly-discovered poems by BISHOP HALL; an essay on "St. Francis and the Franciscans;" and "an account of Nineveh and Persopolis restored," by JAMES FERGUSON Esq. which is illustrated with several engravings. It contains all the other matters of permanent record for which it has been always famous.

*The Eclectic Review*, for March.—This spirited organ of the Protestant Dissenters is always happy in the selection of its subjects. It contrives to hit upon the most popular and interesting topics of the moment, and yet to maintain its character of a literary journal. Thus, in this number there is a powerful paper on "Ultramontaniam," another on "the Taxes on Knowledge," a third on "Pulpit Eloquence;" others on "Mrs. Browning's Poems;" "the Ancient Art of the Greeks;" "Sims's Musical Composition;" "Lord Holland's Foreign Reminiscences;" and "Snow's Arctic Regions." Some very able writers are engaged upon this Review.

*The People's and Howitt's Journal*, for March, differs from all the other cheap periodicals in giving engravings of very great merit, in addition to the usual quantity of reading matter. The writers for it, although not distinguished, are instructive and amusing.

*University Magazine*.—The March number of this periodical opens with an article on the probable social results of the Incumbered Estates Court. The article

bears rather too close a resemblance to one upon the same subject, in the same magazine, last summer. There is some merit in it, however, though it is unnecessarily dashed with a good deal of sectarian prejudice. "Leaves from the Portuguese Olive" is a very pleasing contribution. "Maurice Tierney" continues his interesting adventures. A review of "Wilde's Boyne and Blackwater," brings out some of the most salient points of that popular work. In a "Flight of Lady-birds," some of the recent productions of the female pen are revived. "Vindicta Anglicana," is a review of a late pamphlet on the religious question of the day. "Leaves from the Notebook of a Manager," will be found most agreeable reading.

*The Arabian Nights Entertainments*, Part II. We have not seen the first part of this new edition of the Arabian Nights, and it is contrary to our rule to notice parts of works, not regularly sent, for thus we should be in fact giving several advertisements of that which, because imperfect, is worthless to us. However, presuming that in this case the omission is accidental, we can say of the part before us, that it is handsomely printed and profusely illustrated, there being literally an engraving on every page, and it is very cheap.

*Familiar Things*, Part III, is an excellent idea, well sustained. It presents a familiar intelligible account of objects that present themselves to all of us every day of our lives, and so written as to be readily understood even by children. Then, its cheapness is extraordinary. This part contains "the Bouquet" an account of the flowers in an imaginary nosegay, and "the Carpet" gives occasion for a minute description of the process of Carpet weaving.

*Knights' Cyclopædia of London*, Part IV., treats of the Asylums, Schools, Hospitals, and Learned Societies.

*Knights' Cyclopædia of Industry*, Part IV., a dictionary of acts and sciences, compiled from the National Cyclopædia, advances as far as the word "Co-operative Systems."

*Knights' Excursion Companion*, Part II., a sort of handbook for travellers by excursion trains, contains descriptions with engravings of Bath, Bristol, Windsor and Eton, and Oxford.

*Pictorial Half Hours*, Part X., contains upwards of thirty beautiful woodcuts, with descriptions of prose and poetry. It is the cheapest illustrated book ever published. Admirable for children, interesting to all ages.

*King's College Magazine*, for March, a very creditable endeavour by the youths of King's College, to amuse and improve themselves. It is, of course, juvenile in tone and style.

*Knights' Pictorial Shakespeare*, Part X., contains *The Merchant of Venice*. It is a very handsome edition, with illustrations, and very cheap.

*The British Gazetteer*, Part XXIII., is the best work of its kind that has ever yet appeared. This part contains a large map of fifteen miles round London, another steel engraving, and continues the dictionary to the word "Newport."

*The Naturalist*, No. 1. for March, is a new periodical, devoted to Natural History. It promises well. It is edited by B. R. MORRIS, Esq. It ought to answer. There is ample room for a periodical of this class.

*Half-hours with the best Authors*, Part XII., is a cheap edition of a work we have so often praised, as by far the best of the kind.

*Tallis's Dramatic Magazine*, for March, contains portraits of Mr. L. MURRAY, and Mrs. STERLING, with memoirs, original papers on Actors and the Stage, and all the dramatic news of the month, London, Provincial and Foreign.

*Duffy's Fireside Magazine*, the March number of this interesting periodical contains some excellent articles. Griffin's posthumous novel is continued. "A Friend in Need," is a new interesting tale. There are some good specimens of criticism, and some poetry of a superior order. This cheap and amusing periodical well deserves the success with which, we are pleased to learn, it has met.

## MUSIC.

### NEW MUSIC.

*Vola, Vola, Arietta da Camera.* Di MEYERBEER.

*Inconsolabile.* Di MEYERBEER.

*Amor, Arietta.* Di MEYERBEER.

*L'Auretta Messaggeria, Arietta.* Di MEYERBEER.

*L'Orfana, Arietta.* Di MEYERBEER.

*La Violetta, Arietta.* Di MEYERBEER. Boosey and Co.

A COLLECTION of MEYERBEER's most beautiful airs, now in course of publication by Mr. BOOSEY. They are selected with great taste from the best works of this greatest of living composers, and Italian words have been written for them, and they have been adapted for the piano-forte. Surely it would be far better for our amateur vocalists to treat their friends and families with these exquisite productions of genius, in preference to the tasteless, senseless, and soulless trash which they buy because it is the last new song, quite careless whether it is worth singing. The above will afford to

them and to their hearers a continual treat, of which they will never weary; which, indeed, will be more loved with every repetition, as is the property of all the productions of genius, and which distinguishes it from mere cleverness.

## Musical and Dramatic Chit Chat.

THE Royal Italian Opera will open on the 29th instant. —The subscriptions to the guarantee fund for the next musical festival at Hereford already exceeds 600*l*. —Lord Saltoun has accepted the perpetual Presidency of the Melodist's Club, vacated by the decease of the late Duke of Cambridge. —The Committee of the London Sacred Harmonic Society have resolved to recommend to the subscribers, at their next general meeting, to give two annual prizes for the composition of orchestral anthems, which will form every year a part of their performances. —The committee of the Royal Academy of Music having made alterations for enlarging the course of instruction given to the pupils of this institution, and of imparting the general elements of polite education, as well as technical professional knowledge, have, among other arrangements, appointed the Rev. J. Richardson, to read a course of lectures upon some of the principal events of English history. The alterations in the system of education have given satisfaction to all persons interested in the prosperity of the Academy. —Mrs. Fanny Kemble gave her readings from Shakspeare for the second time on Tuesday week, at Hertz's rooms, in Paris. She was much applauded, but there was a scanty audience. —*La Tempesta*, by MM. Scribe and Halévy, has been produced by Mr. Lumley at Paris, the third act of the opera having been entirely suppressed. —*The Charleston Sun* extracts the following curious incident from a journal of Florence, of the 8th January. At a representation of the opera on the evening of the 6th inst., at the Pergola Theatre, an artiste, who was making his first appearance in one of the most famous rôles of Lablache, received from the public unequivocal signs that their estimate of his abilities as an Ingego was far different to his ideas. Transported with fury, he seized a dagger, rushed in among the audience, and attacked two of the spectators, who were desperately wounded in the face. Fortunately for him, he was at once carried off by the police, and barely escaped lynching—the indignation of the audience knowing no bounds.

## ART JOURNAL.

*The Art Journal*, for March, contains two more of its very beautiful and valuable series of engravings from the pictures in the Vernon Gallery. One is HILTON'S *Rebecca at the Well*, engraved by E. ROLLO with wonderful skill. Seldom have we seen such rounded flesh; the peculiar light of an Eastern sky, so truly shown. Its merits as an engraving are quite equal to those of the original as a painting. The other is CALCOTT'S *Meadows—Cows Reposing*, a picture of which CUYP might have been proud. Upon this peaceful scene the eye lingers with delight. It is the embodied spirit of summer. The third of the series of "The Great Masters of Art" is devoted to WATTEAU, of whom there is a portrait, and three specimens of his works, and to HUYSMAN, also with a portrait and two specimens. ROLFE'S exquisite statue of *Early Sorrow* is also the subject of a fine steel engraving. There are five more of the "Examples of Modern German Art," to our taste more clever than pleasing. The illustrated articles on Costumes of Various Epochs and the Dictionary of Terms of Art are continued, and the entire art-intelligence of the world is here collected.

## EXHIBITION AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

### SECOND NOTICE.

No. 183. *A Shower Day on the Thames.* H. J. BODDINGTON. A transcript of a very interesting phase in nature, a heavy cloud passes athwart the clear sky of summer, casts its ominous black shadow upon the river, and is preparing to break up the mirror of surface which the artist has rendered so faithfully; a bank, with cattle lying in the sun, is shown most admirably, the reflection in the water is quite a study; some of the trees in the foreground present results of observation and a mastery of executive power deserving of the highest praise.

184. *Still Life.* T. EARL. Another dog by Mr. EARL. This departs slightly from the character of the other, and is, if possible, somewhat less carefully painted.

188. *A Tiff.* H. T. WELLS. Though small in size, there appears to have been considerable care taken in the execution of this work.

208. *The Harvest Field.* G. A. WILLIAMS. Wonderfully like nature, we would call attention to some trees in the foreground; if the picture have a fault, it is that the entire effect is rather weak.

218. *Castle Farm, Ragland, Monmouthshire.* A clever sketch, though somewhat injured by the too liberal use of black in the darks.

222. *England—A Day in the Country.* T. CRESWICK, R. A., and R. ANSDALL. The larger animals

in this, that is, Mr. ANSDALL's portion of the work, do not exhibit that artist's usually delicate perception of surface and character.

228. *Charity.* C. BROCKY. The vulgarity of this work is such, and so disgustingly put forward, that one would almost prefer a classical conventionality of the same subject.

232. *Alpheus and Arethusa.* W. GALE. We had made up our mind that this was another *Musidora*, but felt somewhat puzzled to find it a nude figure, christened *Arethusa*, without any special characteristic for the subject.

234. *The Ruined Hermitage.* R. REDGRAVE, R. A. A very admirably painted and careful study from Nature, full of just effect and close observation, but what peculiar qualification the scene possesses for a hermitage it is difficult to discover.

235. *The Sea Cave.* W. E. FROST, A.R.A. We have seen in the Townley Gallery a statue of *The Nymph at the Fountain*, and we have seen BAILEY'S *Eve*, but did not expect to see either reproduced here. Mr. FROST will find his figure to be eleven heads high at least; the drawing is careless and the colour exceedingly poor.

242. *Il Penseroso and L'Allegro.* J. D. WINGFIELD. This is a very poverty-stricken work, without a morsel of invention; the *L'Allegro* portion of the picture (if we discriminate rightly between them,) forcibly suggests a dance of lay-figures.

257. *Expectation.* G. E. SINZENICH. A head possessing much character.

259. *Love me, love my Dog.* H. W. PHILLIPS. The head of a boy, painted with much brilliancy and ease, and wrought with great attention to individual character.

267. *Northwick Park, Worcestershire.* A. W. WILLIAMS. The merits of some portions of this work are open to discussion; much care may be observed in the rendering of the autumn tints of the trees.

277. *A Levantine Sunset—the Ruins of Caesarea in Palestine.* W. LINTON. Exhibits Mr. LINTON'S usual power and deep observation of air effect.

294. *A River-side Farm.* SIDNEY R. PERCY. The sky and trees of this are beautifully painted as regards form, but there is a heavy blackness of effect upon them, hardly justified by atmospheric appearances.

301. *Dismasted Ship off the Welsh Coast.* S. P. JACKSON. In this the sky is hard and heavy, the water-tints derive no benefit from long study, the objects immersed require distinction by solidity being given to them.

307. *The View.* F. STONE. Two boys, who, although evidently carefully prepared for painting from, and for exhibition, could never in their natural state attain to such a waxen perfectness of complexion, nor ever could their hair be smoothed into the condition which the artist has rendered by an exact resemblance to carpenter's shavings; the legs of the young gentlemen would bear a little improvement in drawing, and, if they have really a prototype in nature, their parents would doubtless receive considerable satisfaction in finding more of the life of life in their eyes.

308. *The South-Wester.* J. INSKIP. An immense canvass, exhibiting not the slightest particle of interest, not the faintest attempt at evincing a study of nature, entirely false in colour, false in form, false in light and shade. Why it was ever painted, what relation it has to the title, and lastly, why it is hung here, are mysteries, and likely to remain so.

313. *Il Rio del Carmine, Venice.* W. LINTON. Reminds us of CANALETTO, but without his heavy masses of painting; the progress of some rippling swells in the water is well suggested.

346. *The Easter Controversy.* G. E. HICKS. Exhibits a wonderful excess of mediocrity, and much conscientious skill in painting, with a great deal of inferior drawing.

345. *The Willing Captive.* J. H. ILLIDGE. A young lady, led away by a young gentleman in wings, who wears also a limited fragment of shot silk; round the young lady's neck is the suggestive blue ribband; she parts from an ordinary looking friend in the coolest way imaginable. Let us now go out of order to notice an enormous picture, from which we cannot disengage our eyes while looking at this; we allude to No. 566, which is denominated *Norma*. A more unfortunate desecration of canvass we never saw, or colour put to a worse use; certainly never were raw umber and white more foully treated than here. Why could not this Artist have painted it on a smaller canvass (instead of this of nine feet four inches, by six feet), and have kept it at home?

314. *A Recollection of Venice.* J. HOLLAND. Reminds us of a similar sketch by Mr. ETTY. Is very rich and powerful, but sadly wants finish.

369. *Blanche.* F. STONE. A rather characteristic little picture, showing a degree of vivacity very pleasing to observe in the Artist's works. More finish would give a very high quality to this little work.

372. *Evening on Wimbledon Common.* G. A. WILLIAMS. A very nice sketch from nature. One of the few pictures in these rooms we should like to see painted of a larger size.

370, 398. Two works by J. MARTIN, K.L., showing his peculiarities of study in search of grand effect, the latter one most especially successful.

401. *The Brown Gallery, Knoke.—Hide and Seek.* W. S. P. HENDERSON. A pleasing little sketch, very



brilliant, and painted with careful observation of tint and texture.

404. *The Death of the Captain of the Forty Thieves.* J. H. SAVAGE. This picture is an example of the importance of effect in light and shade, which it possesses to a high degree, standing out with great vigour from the neighbouring works. We regret, however, that on a nearer approach it does not sustain the first impression. The drawing is very faulty indeed, the design ordinary and poor, and fine opportunities for colour are neglected.

417. *Saw Mill, near Kingston, Canada, West.* GILLING HALLEWELL. This is bright and pure to intensity; renders climatic character most successfully.

445. *Rustic Interior.* F. J. WYBURD. A very clever little sketch.

448. *History.* J. SANT. An exemplification of a peculiar effect, the same as the artist's *Astronomy* of last year, and much resembling it in other respects.

459. *A Study.* W. WALLIS. With this unpretending title, and hung close to the floor, is one of the most interesting pictures in the rooms, we believe the first work exhibited, of a very young artist. A gentleman, listening to another playing on the violin, the heads and pose of both admirable in every respect: the effect of the whole picture is rich; the varied textures surrounding the figures are painted to a degree of truth and finish, leaving nothing to desire. We must warn the painter of one fault, that is, a tendency towards the practice of the school of GERARD DOW, in the degrading of the power of light, which has been carried rather to an excess in his little work. We are glad to perceive the picture sold, yet think it deserved a higher price.

485. *A Village Church.* H. M. ANTHONY. Every one knows Mr. Anthony's pictures, but every one has not noticed the extreme attention to truth he displays, and the extraordinary power he has attained of seizing a peculiarity of effect; in this, heavy weather is seen approaching, the sun yet lingers upon the churchyard; the effect and colour of light upon the grass and broken ground of the graves, is most astonishingly produced: the intense variety of colour in the grasses, and the power of light upon all the objects around, is worthy of study by any lover of nature.

491. *Sunset off the Isle of Arran.* J. DANBY. One of those windy sunset effects Mr. Danby delights in, and paints so successfully. We would call attention to the beautiful manner in which the "veil of light" from the sinking sun covers the mountain peaks; the sea is fine in its forms, though the effect appears to us unnecessarily dark for the quantity of day yet remaining in the sky.

492. *The Infant Moses.* W. J. GRANT. This is a considerable improvement upon the artist's work in the Academy last year, but still remains crude and tame to the last degree; the figures seem only repetitions of Old Masters' designs; the colour is displeasing and weak, the landscape-background obviously not painted from nature, and without the slightest attention to local propriety, beyond a selection of climatic forms.

We will now call attention to some of the most striking works on these walls. Mr. CRESWICK's No. 2 is an admirable specimen of his powers. No. 44 will be found worthy of careful observation, it being the result of a deep study of Nature: the same may be said of No. 72, which is exceedingly striking from its novelty of effect, and the elaborate style of its execution. Mr. ROBERTS's No. 62 is, we think, one of his most successful works. To No. 68 we can scarcely render justice, or convey our appreciation of its merits; it grows upon the mind by longer observation, and is a picture that we shall not readily forget; it is, without any exception, the most successful representation of an animal that has ever come under our notice; its conceptions and the carrying out of the title the most poetical we can conceive. We regret to observe it is not sold. Mr. SIDNEY PERCY's No. 120 will bear a most critical examination with securing praise to the artist. We have neglected to notice the works of Mr. INSKIP, so conspicuously displayed here, because their style is so very repulsive, that to warn students from following such would be a ridiculous superfluity. The subject is pitiful, but calling for remark, from the very unusual manner in which No. 54 records its author's opinion respecting certain works of a school universally acknowledged to possess great correctness of purpose, and much careful and devoted study. Qualities, which this attempt at satire does not by any means exhibit, the want of which should at least have restrained Mr. EARL before he set his very limited powers of execution in competition with their possessors. We observe, under the feet of the dog in feathers, a portfolio suggesting "Sketches from Nature by T. EARL." Surely that artist can have attained very small success in such labours, when this lecture of his is so remarkably deficient in necessary qualities of care and knowledge. No. 234, by Mr. REDGRAVE, has less of this finish we expect in his landscape works, and which renders them generally so delightful.

### Talk of the Studios.

THREE new trustees to the National Gallery have lately been appointed.—Lord Overstone, Mr. Thomas Baring, and Mr. William Russell.—In continuation of the series of lectures now being delivered at the Government School of Design, Somerset House, Mr. R.

H. Wornum read an interesting paper last week upon the harmonies of colour.—The picturesque ruins of Lincluden Abbey, near Dumfries, have sustained considerable injury in a point which must interest antiquarians. The "Turnpike Tower," a tall isolated clump, erected in 1379, fell to the ground last Sunday.

—The memorial to Government praying for the purchase of the Cottingham Collection, as a nucleus wherewith to found a National Museum of Architectural Art, has been numerous signed by professional gentlemen, artists, and others,—and is still lying for further signatures at No. 43, Waterloo Road.—The Penny Subscription Memorial to Sir R. Peel amounts to 1500*l.*, but no suggestion has yet been offered as to the purpose to which it should be applied. Why should not the operatives have their statue of Peel, as well as their employers.—Great efforts are being made to get the marble arch finished in its new situation, at the Oxford Street entrance to Hyde Park; the workmen are kept employed till late hours and by gas light, the gates have been fixed, and it is expected the whole structure will be completed very shortly.

A fine porcelain model of the Palace of the Emperor of China has recently been added to the Louvre.—In Paris the Academy of Fine Arts has filled up, by the election of M. Allaux, Director of the French School at Rome, the seat vacated in its body by the death of M. Drolling.—The Director of the National Museums in France has given orders for the removal of an equestrian statue of Henry IV., and other works of art, from the Palace of Fontainebleau to the Louvre.—An estimate of the price current of works of the great living painters of France may be made from the following prices at a recent picture sale in Paris:—A small painting of a mother teaching her children how to read, by Paul Delaroche, 4,500*fr.*; three pieces by J. Vernet, Review of Napoleon at the Tuileries (in black and white), 3,000*fr.*; an Episode of the Siege of Saragossa, 6,100*fr.*; The Good Samaritan, 7,400*fr.*; A Turkish School, by Decamps, 21,000*fr.*—The Washington Monument, now in process of erection at New York, is to be five hundred feet high, fifty-five feet square at the base, and thirty-three feet square at the top. It is now seventy-six feet high, and has cost 12,000 dollars, having taken two years to bring in to its present elevation.—At the Carmelite convent at Pontoise, a picture by Murillo, called "Jesus Pasture," has recently been discovered. The painting is of great beauty, and belongs to the Abbé Trou, almoner of the Carmelites.—The Mosaic Establishment of the Vatican is preparing a half-length figure of St. John the Baptist, from the picture by Guercino, for exhibition in this country; and the twelve cameos engraved by the Chevalier Girometti on Oriental gems, for which Pope Gregory gave 8,000 dollars, are on their way to England, with a similar object.—Prof. Vogel is occupied in painting the portraits of the statesmen assembled at Dresden.

## DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

### THE THEATRES.

THE Theatrical Literary World, of the present year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, may be divided into three classes:—Dramatic Authors, Translators, and Playwrights. Of the latter there is no great dearth, at present; of good translators we have a few, men who translate the sense and action of a play, as well as the mere words, and who possess tact and stage experience sufficient to render the English version, in many cases I could name (*Used Up*, for instance), infinitely superior to the original, and to make a re-translation into its native language a great improvement on the parent idea. Let not the unwary look down on the work of the translator, and remember that what would pass very well at the Vaudeville or St. Martin, would never be endured at the Lyceum or Victoria. Having, then, said a good word (in the teeth of all funny writers) for the translators, not *all*, but the PLANCHE, COYNE BROOKS, &c. &c. school, I will crave your attention to the two other branches under my notice. Of the Playwrights I have little to say. Theirs is the piling up of stolen materials for the formation of a bad building: like some of the architectural beauties of our city of London, their works present a conglomeration of different and incongruous styles, not quite so apparent to even the uninitiated, perhaps, but quite as flagrant to those who, did but properly forbid, could have it in their power to cry "stop thief" from their box at every fall of the curtain, on the work of the Playwright.

There is, in this age, an unaccountable feeling of disparagement for the "things of the age." Statesmen, authors, artists, actors, come in for their share, and until they have "shaken off this mortal coil," no one finds out that society has lost an ornament, or genius a favoured disciple. It is my province to speak of acting and actors, and the *laudator temporis acti* weighs heaviest on that much unappreciated profession. I have no doubt that when the playgoer speaks of the wonders of *Azazel*, or some other modern splendour, never before witnessed, some sexagenarian critics will gravely shake their heads, and give vent to the *goode olde sayinge*, "Ah, you should see what I have seen when I was a boy." Truly he saw a few great actors, and saw them with the fervent appreciation of youth, his first impressions firmly graven remain on his mind, and in after years, when age has sobered and matured his

judgment, and when his appetite is palled by long experience, or perhaps disgusted by some trash, he solemnly declares, "Things have changed since I was a boy." Truly they have;—are the raspberry turnovers as nice as they were? Not a bit of it. Like other people, dramatic authors must die before they can possibly expect to be fully appreciated, and moreover, they have to endure that towering injustice—comparison—with all other authors of dramatic literature, not only present, but past also. Did SHAKSPEARE, MASSINGER, BEAUMONT, CONGREVE, JOHNSON, SHERIDAN, live in one time, in one year; but TALFOURD, KNOWLES, WHITE, BULWER, SULLIVAN, FERROLD, BROWNING, and many others do, who, though undoubtedly inferior to some of the great names I first mentioned, form a very fair show of dramatic talent, for one time, at least. Would, the old sentimental school be endured now, by even a picked and highly educated audience, who have read and thought over *Ion* or the other plays, beaming with poetry of idea, the offsprings of the poet TALFOURD? A five-act tragedy or comedy is not written in a week, or "put on the stage" once a month; and because we have not a rapid succession of new plays at our theatres, are we to complain of our managers or dramatic authors? There are many who do. SIDDOXS, the KEMPLES, GARRICK, KEAN, are gone; the greatest actor of our time has, within these few days, left our stage; but have we not good and efficient actors, many making rapid strides to attain that position their histrionic forefathers held—a position which the increased facilities of the modern stage will assist them to arrive at, and the honest opinions of impartial critics to maintain, in spite of all impediments. The position I have taken up is a dangerous one, I am fully aware, but it will ever be my humble endeavour to withstand, to the utmost of my power, the laudation of the time passed by, at the expense of the time present. The good old days are the present days, for the oldest (in point of time) must be the last created.

Mr. BOURCAULT's new comedy, in five acts, entitled *Love in a Maze*, was produced last Thursday at the Princess's. Until the appearance of this new play, *London Assurance* was the buoy to which the author moved his fame. Works of a lighter and more ephemeral description have for some time past, occupied Mr. BOURCAULT's attention. I am truly glad to find the return to his original and more legitimate vocation. The story is not the best part of this play, nor is it intended that it should be; neatness and vivacity of dialogue, and sketches of character, are evidently upmost in the mind of the author, and in these he has succeeded. The play takes its name from a Maze, built on the stage in the last scene, in which the foppish Lord MINIVER is entangled. With such a company as is at present collected within the four walls of the Princess's, it is needless to say the play was well cast; no pains were spared by the management to render it acceptable, and to assist the design of the author, in every respect in which carpenter and decorator could avail. Mr. BOURCAULT has decidedly improved in composition. His former works, always light and vivacious, were tinged with a certain amount of recklessness, or what we should now term "*fastness*," that was not agreeable to a refined mind, and which endowed some of his characters rather with the attributes of adventurers than gentlemen. *Love in a Maze*, however, is quite free from all approach to vulgarity. The author has drawn gentlemen, and found actors to play them like gentlemen. Lord MINIVER and Sir RUPERT BUCKETHORNE are carefully-drawn illustrations of the two classes of the period (William Ist), the former retaining the foppery and assurance of the old Stuart nobility, the latter, the rough soldier of the new regime. There is seldom a part he undertakes that Mr. WIGAN does not make his own. He is an implacable enemy to all conventionalities. He reads and thinks for himself, and there is always a freshness and originality in every character he assumes. His *Roderigo*, in *Othello*, and his *Fool*, in *Twelfth Night*, are examples of a laudable desire to break new ground for himself, and leave all stage traditions and mannerisms to be followed by those who want brains, to form ideas of character for themselves. Mr. CHARLES KEAN appears to great advantage: he never forgets, in the rough soldier, and sportsman, that he was born a gentleman, and though his manners are not the most polished, they are "loving and gentle. His uncle, Sir Abel, a "fine old English gentleman," is performed with great care and effect by Mr. ADDISON. Mr. KEELY, as a nettlesome old bachelor, showed that, though excellent in his own *Keely* parts, he has talent and wit to adapt himself to a perfectly new style of character. Unlike most of our low comedians, Mr. KEELY is no mannerist, nor do we always find him in one style of character. How very different his almost tragic rage of *Bokes*, in the *Croole*, and his utter imbecility of "Sweet St. Andrew." For Mr. HARLEY, I fear I cannot say as much. Mr. HARLEY is Mr. HARLEY, always was and most likely ever will be. Mrs. KEELY's part was admirably suited to her great powers of depicting, sharp, mischievous and cunning abigails. A spoilt beauty, married without love on either side, who insensibly, and against her will, finds she begins to love the man she fancies she despises, and who has courage to acknowledge her woman's force; her weakness, is admirably performed by Mrs. C. KEAN. The new actress, Mrs. WINSTANLEY, is fast improving on her audiences, and, no doubt, will enjoy a high and

deserved reputation. *To Parents and Guardians*, originally produced under the KEELY management of the Lyceum, has been revived. Another instance of Mr. WIGAN's comprehensive genius may be seen in this play. Mr. and Mrs. KEELY, the former as the *Drudge*, the latter as the *Cock of the School*, are as perfect as ever.

Mr. JAMES WALLACK has re-appeared at the HAY-MARKET in his character of *Don Cesar de Bazan*. I call it *his* character because of the many who attempted it, in the year when *Don Cesar* was played at nearly every theatre in London. Mr. WALLACK's was the only representation that gave me the idea of the ruined noble. The play is too well-known to need comment. A young American actor, of considerable promise, made his first appearance (I believe in England) at the Haymarket, in the character of *Othello*, supported by his uncle, Mr. J. WALLACK, as his "Ancient." Educated on the American stage, I confess I expected a very different *Othello* than that I witnessed last Saturday. Unlike our last importation of American histrionic talent, Mr. WILLIAM J. WALLACK is perfect free from the great native vices—ranting and mannerism. During the first acts he was calm and soldierly, and delivered the great speech to the senate unaffectedly and modestly. Chocred by the feeling that he was gaining ground with his audience, he put forth all his powers in the magnificent third act. He has confined himself to Shakespeare as *Shakespeare*, and his reading of the "Noble Moor" does him great credit. The applause at the fall of the curtain was long and loud. He has achieved an undeniable success on his first appearance, and I have little doubt will gain celebrity, the more so, as he grasps the whole character, and does not hunt for points. *Presented at Court*, and *The Good for Nothing* have been in great force. Miss ADDISON has returned, and plays *Emilia* to Miss REYNOLDS's *Desdemona*. *The Red Cap* is also revived.

A translation of the French piece *La Centenaire*, under the title of "The Soldier of One-Hundred-and-Two," has been revived at the OLYMPIC, but absence from town has prevented my seeing it. *Wild Oats* and *The Wife* are also performed. Mr. WILLIAM J. WALLACK will appear as *Macbeth* on Monday.

A new *petite* comedy by CHARLES DANCE, will be produced next week at DRURY-LANE, and a new five act play is also in rehearsal. *Azazel* continues, and will continue. *Simpson & Co.* and *Raising the Wind*, are also in the bills.

At the LYCEUM *King Charming* holds his sway; *Used Up*, and the *Practical Man* are the entertainments. The only surviving pantomime is at the Surrey. *The Countess of Terzea*, and a drama exposing the cheats and follies of the day, called *The World's Games*, are played every night. A new play, I believe, is under consideration.

*The School for Tigers* and *Belphegor* are playing at the ADELPHI. Mr. WEBSTER's is, without any comparison, the best version of that interesting drama. The author of the *Hop Pickers* has written a new domestic drama for this theatre.

The ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA will not open till the 29th of this month. A version of the *Prodigal*, by AUBER, will be one of the first novelties.

Mr. SIMS REEVES is engaged in Paris; he will not appear at Her Majesty's Theatre till after Easter.

LORNETTE.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—An agreeable performance was given at this theatre, on Thursday evening, by the Histrionic Society, consisting of the play of *The Wife*, and the comedy of *Charles the Second*; the stage appointments were rich and elegant in the extreme. The acting of Mr. KIDDLE, jun., as *Julian St. Pierre*, was very judicious; his opening scene with *Ferrardo Gonzaga* was vigorous and expressive, and his performance throughout devoid of those blemishes which usually accompany amateur efforts. Mr. VINCENT invested the character of *Ferrardo* with much dignity, and Mr. DRYDEN was quiet and correct as *Leonardo*. Mr. GROSVENOR was wanting in weight and solemnity; in other respects, his reading of *Antonio*, the curate, was not without merit. Miss ALMA drew a very delicate and interesting portrait of *Mariana*, and, with the exception of an occasional failure in her physical declamation, her performance was very excellent. The comedy of *Charles the Second* was played with spirit and tact. Mr. B. PALMER's *King Charles* was humorous and pointed; his acting, as the sailor, *Jack Mizen*, was full of life and animation. Mr. PERCIVAL also displayed ability as *Rochester*. Mr. KIDDLE, sen., played the bluff old *Captain Copp* most naturally; his round, good-humoured face, strong, hearty, rugged voice, and sturdy build, rendered him a most faithful and perfect picture of an old cruiser under the Commonwealth; his pathos was irresistibly affecting. We have seldom seen genuine feeling and passion so faithfully portrayed. The delicate simplicity of Miss STANLEY, as *Mary Copp*, contrasted most pleasingly with the rough exterior of her uncle; her acting was extremely pretty, and her ballad of "Wapping Old Stairs" was replete with expression and feeling.

The well-known Ventriloquist, Mr. LOVE, commenced a series of entertainments at this house last week. In the art to which he seems to have devoted his life—namely, that of imitating the sounds of cats, dogs,

frying-pans, &c., this gentleman has probably not a rival, and strange indeed must be the noise which he cannot reproduce with startling accuracy, modified according to every gradation of distance.

DIORAMA OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—The country represented in the new Diorama, exhibited at the Western Institution, in Leicester-square is by no means a hacknied subject of pictorial art, and its colonial importance will render it an object of interest to a large class. The principal towns of the Cape, and the scenes illustrative of the life of natives and settlers, form a most varied picture, which is rendered doubly instructive by the lecture of Mr. J. D. Malcolm.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN LITERARY INSTITUTION, NINE ELMS.—On Friday evening, the 7th inst., we paid a visit to this institution, the amusement for the evening being a concert under the direction of Mr. WILLIAMS, to whose praiseworthy exertions the neighbourhood are greatly indebted. He has been instructing, gratuitously, a large music class, and the members of this class were the principal performers of the evening. The manner in which the various *glees* and *choruses* were executed gave entire satisfaction. The *glee*, *See our oars with feather'd spray*, was admirably executed. Great praise is due to Mr. J. EDWARDS, who conducts the instrumental class. His performance on the flute was certainly of a very high character, and much appreciated by the audience, who demanded an *encore*. At the conclusion of the first part a very handsome silver inkstand was presented to Mr. WILLIAMS, by the members of the music class, as a mark of respect for his untiring exertions and liberal assistance to the institution. The room was crowded.

DIORAMA OF THE GRAND TOUR.—Among the many moving Panoramas, which have been lately opened to the public, this one has the most varied attractions. It takes us to Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, the Danube, Prague, Vienna, Venice, Rome, Switzerland, Mont Blanc, and down the Rhine to Cologne. Mr. Marshall has shown great taste in the selection of subjects, and extraordinary skill in the painting of them. Some of the scenes are singularly beautiful, especially those from Switzerland, and we can vouch for the fidelity of almost all of them. This method of making acquaintance with the world, we look upon, as one of the most useful of our modern inventions. It is by far the most practical method of learning geography. It is the next to actual personal inspection of the localities, it affords the most perfect ideas of them, and fixes them most distinctly upon the memory. Young persons should be taken to this Panorama, as the most instructive, the most pleasing, and the cheapest two hours' lesson that could be given to them. The descriptions of the Exhibition, though somewhat laboured and theatrical, are substantial, good, and convey a large amount of information. This Exhibition occupies the Concert Room of Her Majesty's Theatre, and will doubtless be thronged by the visitors to the Exhibition. It is indeed, one of the sights they ought to put upon their list.

## PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

METALLOGRAPHY.—Mr. Nicholas Zach, of Munich, has discovered a new process in lithography, by which he can give to any metal plate traced by a needle, a preparation that makes the design show itself in relief, in less than an hour, on the plate. Mr. Zach designates the process metallography.—*Art Journal*.

Travelling readers will be glad to learn that a vigorous attempt is about to be made by the government of Switzerland to obtain the advantages of railway transit for that interesting country.

A manuscript, written by Papin, so well known for his successful experiments connected with the motive power of steam, has just been discovered near Morburg in Electoral Hesse. This work bears the name of *Traité des Opérations sans Douleur*, and in it are examined the different means that might be employed to deaden, or rather altogether nullify, sensibility, when surgical operations are being performed on the human body. Papin composed this work in 1681, but his contemporaries treated it with ridicule, and he abandoned the medical profession.

The printing-press of a daily paper in Boston, United States, is driven in a manner of which there is no example in any other city in the republic. Through a two-inch lead pipe, a stream of Chochituate water is introduced into a meter, which only occupies twenty-four square inches. The fall of water between the Boston reservoir and this meter is about a hundred feet. This two-inch stream will discharge eighty gallons of water each minute, and in passing through the meter will give a motive power equal to what is called three-horse power. This is more than sufficient for driving the press. It is less hazardous than a steam-engine, requires no attention, and is always in readiness.

Professor Agassiz, the great naturalist, has arrived at New York. He is attached to the Coast Survey nominally. His object is to make an investigation of Florida reefs and keys, a subject of great interest to the scientific and commercial world. These reefs and keys are continually increasing in number and size. The causes of their formation and their destiny, the keys having as yet just emerged from the water, and the reefs being placed along the edge of the Gulf Stream, the great commercial highway to the Gulf of Mexico, are matters to awaken the attention both of the theoretical and practical inquirer. The high reputation of

the Professor leads to the expectation that his labours will give light and knowledge upon this yet comparatively untrod field of science.

## Meetings of Scientific Societies.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES, Feb. 27.—J. Payne Collier, Esq., V. P., in the Chair.—J. Barnard, Esq., was elected a Fellow. Sir T. Phillipps exhibited a valuable collection of early maps of Spanish and Portuguese discoveries drawn upon vellum, and bound in a volume, the date upon the title page was 1547. There were many maps of the East and West Indies, made out with great minuteness, and some of them with figures of the inhabitants, as well as portraits of the navigators, &c., extremely skilfully delineated. Next in interest were some singular relics, of different dates, some very ancient and others more modern, transmitted by Major Macdonald; of these, the silver spurs worn by the young Pretender at the battle of Culloden attracted most attention, the owner stating that they had been given to Charles Edward by the Goldsmiths' Company, known to be at that time much in favour of the Stuart family. Mr. Fitch, of Norwich, was the owner of a very antique flint knife, of the stone-period, found in a British grave; it was, of course, long anterior to the occupation of Britain by the Romans. Mr. Wylie exhibited some additional remains found at Fairford, chiefly Anglo-Saxon. Mr. Payne Collier, V. P., who was in the chair, proposed the thanks of the society for these exhibitions, and they were unanimously and cordially voted. The reading was a paper by Mr. Pettigrew on the connection between the old Antiquarian Society and the Spalding Society. It contained some amusing details, and related much to the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries anterior to 1751, when the present charter was granted. This, therefore, is the hundredth year after what may be called the Royal foundation of the existing body.

March 2.—Viscount Mahon presided; the reading of papers occupied an unusually short time, and consisted chiefly of contributions from Sir Henry Ellis, relative to the Tower of London, during the reign of James the First; the communication included a letter from Sir W. Wade, dated 1612. It referred merely to the power of appointment to minor offices under the constable. Impressions in gutta percha of some curious seals were exhibited, one being that of the foundress of Balliol College, Oxford; and another, the seal of Cardinal Beaufort. They were contributed by Mr. Doubleday, of the British Museum. Colonel Lloyd sent an explanation of the method by which the ancient metal torques, found in sepulchres and elsewhere, were originally twisted: it was simple but ingenious, and attracted more attention than anything else in the course of the evening.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE, Jan. 4.—The Rev. Dr. Spry, V. P., in the chair.—The Secretary read a paper "On Sir Francis Bryan and his Productions," by Mr. J. P. Collier.—Sir Francis Bryan, a poet and statesman of the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, was an early polisher and refiner of our language; and is recorded to have been one of the writers of certain fugitive pieces printed by Tottell, in 1557, at the end of the poems of Surrey and Wyatt. It was the object of this paper to add some particulars to the known biography of Bryan, and to lay before the Society some specimens of his writings.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—J. O. Westwood, Esq., president, in the chair.—A small hornet's nest was exhibited, on the part of Mr. Newman, of Stroud, accompanied by the queen hornet and young ones she had reared. The nest had been formed in an empty bee-hive. Mr. Newman communicated an interesting account of the process, and observed that he had not found that hornets were destructive to fruit, like wasps. Mr. Stevens exhibited specimens of the New Holland beetle, *Phacodes Mossmani*, recently described by Mr. Newman. The President observed, that on examining some furze pods containing specimens of *Oxytoma Ulicis*, he had found in one a cocoon, in which was a grub, which he imagined was a hymenopterous parasite upon the *Oxytoma*. Mr. Douglas exhibited a stem of dock, in which were larvæ of the hymenopterous genus, *Cemonus*. Mr. Stainton exhibited a singular species of *Tineidae*, forming the type of a new genus. A description of a new *Lithocolletis*, by Mr. Logan, was read.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS, Feb. 25.—W. Cubitt, Esq., president, in the chair.—The paper read was "A Description of the Royal Border Bridge, erected over the River Tweed, on the Line of the York, Newcastle and Berwick Railway," by Mr. G. B. Bruce.

March 4.—Mr. William Cubitt, president, in the chair. The paper read was "A Description of a Turn-table, 42 feet in diameter, in use on the Bristol and Exeter Railway," by Mr. I. J. Macdonnell, M. Inst. C. E. Mr. Penrose exhibited the spiral instruments recently invented and registered by him, called Penrose's Screw "Helicograph, or Logarithmic Spiral Compass," and Penrose and Bennett's "Sliding Helicograph." In the latter instrument, with which volutes and other forms of the logarithmic spiral were drawn, a frame sliding upon a smooth bar was supported by a wheel, the axis of which being set at any given angle to the bar, produced by its obliquity the converging motion in a spiral arc. The "Screw Helicograph," used for drawing a more limited series of these curves received its spiral action from a nut fixed in the centre of a revolving disc, which commu-



nicated motion to a screw; carbonic paper being used for obtaining an impression of the path of the disc.

SOCIETY OF ARTS, Feb. 12.—Capt. Ibbetson in the chair.—“The Laws of Colour as applied to the effective arrangement of Coloured Fabrics in the Great Exhibition of 1851,” by F. C. Calvert, Esq. Feb. 19.—Capt. Ibbetson in the chair. A lecture, illustrated by a variety of models and diagrams, by Mr. Shepherd, explanatory of the construction and advantages of electro-magnetic clocks and watches. The lecturer stated that the application of electricity as a motive and maintaining power for time-pieces, in which great precision is required, was intended to remedy the irregularities which must necessarily arise in the action of such as are constructed upon the common principle, in which the impulse is given by a weight or spring, and transmitted to the pendulum through a train of wheels. In this invention, as in the electric telegraph and others of a similar character, advantage was taken of the peculiar property possessed by a bar of iron, of becoming magnetic when charged with electricity; an attractive power is, by this means, originated, which is applied immediately to give a motion to the pendulum, which is then transmitted to the hands by mechanical contrivances. In consequence of the impulse being thus brought to bear immediately upon the pendulum, instead of being communicated to it through a series of wheels, its vibrations are not subject to irregularity. The large clock intended for the transept of the Palace of the Exhibition, and two smaller ones to be placed in different parts of the building, had been constructed upon this principle. All of them would be impelled by one battery and regulated by one pendulum; consequently they must keep exactly the same time. The length of the hand of the large clock is sixteen feet.

Feb. 26.—William Tuke, Esq., in the chair. There was a good attendance of members. A paper was read by Mr. Charles Tomlinson, on the “Manufacture of Smalt.”

March 12.—The fourteenth ordinary meeting of the members of this society for the session of 1850–51, took place yesterday evening, at the offices, John-street, Adelphi; Mr. Scott Russell in the chair. The routine business having been transacted, the secretary read a paper, the production of Mr. D. R. Hay, member, “On the Proportions of the Beautiful in the Human Frame.” The chairman, who most ably officiated as commentator, lucidly explained and illustrated the theory of the learned essayist; and by the aid of diagrams, endeavoured to make patent to his hearers, as they were to Mr. Hay, the visible harmonies of the human frame, and the principles and proportions in which they originated. A conversation, arising out of the topics of the lecture ensued, after which, thanks were voted to the author and to the chairman, and the meeting dispersed.

## GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

*The Eclectic Review*, edited by Dr. Thomas Price and Dr. W. H. Stowell, has quadrupled its circulation since its reduction in price to 1s. 6d. a number.—M. Leopold Ranke, the German historian of the Popes, has discovered at the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, a manuscript portion of the Memoirs of Cardinal Richelieu, which, up to the present time, has been regarded as utterly lost.—Mr. Hertz has published lately a volume of lyrical poems and ballads, many of which are not unworthy the pen that wrote *King Rene's Daughter*. They remind one much of Longfellow.—Those (says *The Leader*), who remember the extraordinary freshness of pictorial beauty, and the fine remark which illustrated the strange papers in *Fraser's Magazine*, under the quaint title of “Yeast,” will be glad to learn that they are being reprinted, and on the eve of publication in a more convenient form. As the authorship is not avowed (it is no secret in literary circles)—we must withhold the name; but we have little doubt that the public will soon detect the signature in every page.—Another book is eagerly expected, “Roebuck's History of the Whigs,” of which we hear enough to excite great curiosity.—Madame Pulzsky has finished the last sheet of her new “Hungarian Legends;” and Professor Gallenga (better known as Mariotti) is speedily to give us—for the first time—“A full and true History of Italy in 1848.”—Since Oehenschlager's death, his autobiography, revised of late years by himself, has appeared in a trio of moderate-sized octavos. This work shadows forth with a simplicity and modesty rarely seen in such publications; the birth and development of that æsthetic spirit which, during a long life of letters, produced so many dramatic, lyrical and romantic works. Outside the author's own existence the book is of interest, as it contains acute analyses of the characters and labours of the chief personages who have appeared during the last half century upon the literary stages of Germany and the north.—Paul Feval has given us a new romance, *La Fee des Grèces*. While abounding in “incidents” and romantic perils, it is free from the atrocities of character and crime which usually serve him as the spices for his dish.—The body of Northern Antiquaries (U. S.) make important additions to knowledge, yearly, in the shape of an *Antiquarisk Tidsskrift*, or Antiquarian Journal, and an *Annaler for Nordiske Old Kyndighed*, or Annals of Northern Archaeology, besides their Memoires in

French, and numerous and well-edited volumes of Sagas.—The German correspondent of *The New York Literary World* announces a biographical work bearing the date of the new year, and entitled *Thorvaldsen's Ungdoms Historie*; or, *The Story of Thorvaldsen's Youth*. The great sculptor's younger days, that most piquant part of an artist's life, have hitherto been but little known; but at length J. M. Thiele, aided by an enthusiastic love for his subject, and an untiring patience and perseverance, has brought before us the sculptor's boyhood and youth. Thiele, who was sent to Rome by the Danish government after the artist's death, found in his rooms, among the piles of rubbish which so easily accumulate in a large studio, a mass of old correspondence and manuscript, which the owner had thrown carelessly about, partly into old articles of furniture, partly into the cellar among unfinished busts and useless marbles. These have been arranged and connected together by their discoverer with the same care and elegance which mark his other notices of Thorvaldsen.

The late Charles Wynn's copy of the first folio edition of Shakspeare was sold last week by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson to Mr. Beaufort for 141*l.* 10*s.*—The King of Greece has made Professor Masson, of the General Assembly's College, Belfast, a Knight Gold Cross of the Royal Greek Order of the Saviour.—Captain Ross Donnelly Mangles, M. P. for Guildford, a Director of the East India Company, has lately placed at the disposal of the Governors of St. George's Hospital an Assistant-Surgeonship in the East India Company's Service, for presentation to the most deserving pupil of the hospital.—The *Gazette de Marseilles* states that M. Audin, the Author of the “Histories of Leo the Tenth,” of “Luther,” of “Calvin,” and of “Henry the Eighth,” had arrived there from Rome, to which city he had gone in a vain search for health that he might complete another historical work which he had in hand,—and that he had set out for Paris. The *Gazette de Lyons* of the next day announces his death in his carriage some leagues before it reached Avignon.—The members of the Glasgow University met last week in the Common-hall, when Professor Ramsay read the result of the recent rectorial election, showing that two “nations” had voted for Lord Palmerston, and two for Sheriff Alison, the historian. Mr. Mure, who has up to this time been detained in Italy, then rose, and after a graceful allusion to the merits of the two candidates, gave his casting vote in favour of Mr. Sheriff Alison, on the ground that he had the greatest number of individual votes, although the “nations” had been equal.

—The *Aberdeen Herald* contradicts the statement that Sir Charles Lyell has declined being put in nomination for the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen College, and says:—“Sir Charles has consented, and has further promised, that, if elected, he will (his engagements permitting) attend personally at the ceremony of installation.”—A meeting of the committee and subscribers to the fund for perpetuating the memory of the late Duke of Cambridge was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Monday week. The report stated that the total subscriptions amounted to 2,400*l.*, and the committee recommended as the most appropriate monument to the memory of H.R.H. the late Duke of Cambridge the erection of houses for the reception of widows of non-commissioned officers and privates, to be designated “The Cambridge Military Asylum.” This recommendation was unanimously adopted. It is said that a free gift of land will be obtained for the purpose in the neighbourhood of Kew.—We learn that it is the intention of Lady Franklin to send out again the Prince Albert, with boat parties, for the search of Regent Inlet and the region south and west of it. The expedition will be commanded by Mr. Kennedy, late an officer in the Hudson Bay Company's service, who has had great experience in Arctic travelling. That gentleman (lately arrived from Canada for the mission in question) is now in the North engaging some of his men, and endeavouring to find some person of sufficient enterprise, knowledge, and perseverance to take charge under him of one of the boat parties.

A small but interesting collection of autographs was sold last week by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, of Piccadilly. Lot 3, a short but good letter of Beethoven, which sold for 2*l.* 12*s.* Lot 9, a letter of Edmund Burke on the catholic question, sold for 2*l.* 1*s.* Lot 25, a letter of S. T. Coleridge, sold for 1*l.* 15*s.* Lot 60, a parcel of letters of Dr. Philip Doddridge, many of which were in whole or in part published, sold for 13*l.* Lot 148, forty-eight official letters signed by Marshal Ney, sold for 5*l.* Lot 160, a letter of Pope, sold for 1*l.* 12*s.* Lot 181, a signature of Archibald Angus, who married the widow of James IV. of Scotland, sold for 1*l.* 2*s.* Lot 182, a signature of the Regent Morton, sold for 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; and the next lot, a signature of Cardinal Beaton, sold for the same sum. Lot 186 was, perhaps, the most interesting lot in the sale, being the original declaration of James III., the “Old Pretender,” addressed to the people of England shortly before the attempted invasion by Prince Charles Edward: the document was signed by James III. in two places; it sold for 11*l.*, and, it is to be regretted, was not bought for the national collection. Lot 187, a letter of the “Old Pretender,” sold for 3*l.* 5*s.*—A committee of English gentlemen has been formed at Calcutta under the title of the “Vernacular Translation Committee:”—whose object will be to promote the translation of standard works in general literature by English writers

into the vernacular languages of India. A list of the works which the committee intend to translate in the first instance has been already prepared: and, as affording an index of no mean degree of accuracy to the relation at present borne, in the opinion of competent judges, by the Indian to the European intellect, we insert the principal portions of it. The proposed works are, “Robinson Crusoe.” “Bacon's Essays,” “Historical Parallels,” Abercrombie's “Intellectual Powers,” a Volume of Selections from “Chambers's Journal” and the “Penny Magazine,” the “Life of Peter the Great,” the “Life of Columbus,” and Macaulay's “Essays on Clive and Hastings.”—A copy of a resolution passed by the trustees of the Hunterian Museum, in February, 1846, relative to the means of enlarging the space for receiving and exhibiting the collections, has been laid before the house. The resolution moves that the Marquis of Northampton and the Bishop of London be requested to submit to the First Lord of the Treasury the claims of the Hunterian Museum to some provision whereby it might obtain an enlarged area for its contents, and be enabled to maintain itself worthily “as the great national depository of the branches of knowledge which it has been instituted to promote.”—The inclosure in front of the British Museum is now going on. A granite curb about three feet high above the pavement is being erected, on brick foundations, large and deep. The piers for the central gables will be very massive, and so will be the iron scroll-work that will form the inclosure. Our readers know that statues are to surmount some of the piers. The scaffolding has been put up for raising the sculpture which is prepared for the tympanum of the portico, so that gradually we may hope to get some life into the exterior of the building. The decoration of the new western galleries (by Mr. Collman, under Mr. Smirke) is now nearly completed, ready for the reception of the Assyrian antiquities, which are at present just as much buried as if Layard had never lived.—The *Giornale di Roma* of the 15th continues to give accounts of new discoveries made in the excavations now going on in the ancient Via Appia. The works have now progressed as far as the fifth mile outside the town. Beautiful fragments of Roman architecture have been again brought to light,—among others a frieze with festoons supported by children. Some heads of Medusa, belonging to the same decoration, and a cippus, with a bas-relief representing a soldier of the Urban Cohorts in full costume, with the inscription:—“*Dis manibus Q. Flavio Cyloni Coniugi bene merenti et Q. Flavio Proculo militi Coh. XII. Urb. bassi filio pietissima Iunia Procula fecit.*” To these must be added four statues, one of which represents a woman, mutilated in the upper part; and another, a person wearing a toga.

## ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

### TO MACREADY.

[At the end of this speech, which was especially cheered in several places, Mr. MACREADY retired, with somewhat of a look of lingering regret, and though the audience shouted for his re-appearance, he came before them no more.]—*Vide Times*, Thursday, 17th February, 1851.

Farewell!—He turned, but yet, in turning east  
Upon the little world he ruled before—  
His world,—of his first triumphs, and his last,  
One lingering glance—and then was seen no more.  
One glance—as though he sorrowed to resign  
His master hand, and all-commanding skill  
To win his heartfelt triumphs o'er again,  
And call forth smiles, or true born tears, at will.  
One glance—as though he lingered to depart  
And leave the friends, still loyal at his side;  
Friends!—where his name was graven on each heart  
Of each the honoured, and of each the pride.  
One lingering glance—but who indeed may tell  
The varied feelings, be they joy or pain  
Of one who *thought* so nobly and so well—  
He cast one glance, and ne'er was seen again.  
Farewell!—He left no vestige of decay:  
Unchecked by time, his noble, lofty tread,  
The man yet lives for many an honoured day;  
The honoured actor's numbered with the dead.

LONGNETTE.

### SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

IF we could hear the growing of the grass  
As we can hear the falling of the rain;  
If we could see the wind strike on the pane,  
As we can see the cloud and shadow pass—  
Then might we hold unsoiled the mental glass,  
From sceptic doubts its purity that stain,  
And bid the dangerous syren sing in vain  
Who tempts with songs of unbelief.—Alas!  
The heart is credulous but of evil! Doubt  
Bars out the good, bars out the angel-guest,  
While in at creek and cranny foes advance.—  
Let us believe in brightness, nor shut out  
The creed, that eyes will see an after-rest  
Where Heaven lends strength to help the human glance

## SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

COMMENT VOUS PORTEZ-VOUS?—This little phrase of three words (for the *vous* being repeated only counts for one) contains the very soul of the French character, their manners, their history; and not only gives the portrait of their Past, but helps us to an almost infallible prognostication of their Future. *Qualitas* is monstrously developed in proportion to *quidditas*. *How* is the formula, not *what*. He busies himself mainly with the shapes and shows of things; and therefore *comment* is the prominent and leading stroke in that involuntary photograph which he strikes off fifty times a day. Then the *portez-vous*. How do you *carry* yourself? Outside, externality superficial ginger-bread work in every letter of it. An impressive, eager, restless, vivacious manner of man, always ready to make love—and a droll sort of love it is now-a-days—or to cock his cap over his eye and “mourir pour la patrie;” doing trivial things in a solemn way and solemn things in a trivial one; a *tigre-singe*, as he was called by the *vates* who knew him best, and now and then a *singe-tigre*. Sterne’s old story of the little barber proposing to “immerge the wig in the ocean,” will be true to the end of the chapter. A vapouring, active, aggressive, demonstrative people, on whom little things and great make an equally strong an equally fugitive impression; jesting commonly at everything except trifles, and never more irresistibly comic than when trying with all their might to be serious—for instance, playing at constitution-making—a spectacle that reminds one of a party of little Emmies and Carries playing at company. In this *Comment vous portez-vous?* one sees the theatrical character in perfection, the instant identification of the person speaking with the person spoken to, which is the definition of theatricality. The whole language how like the people! Every phrase composed of a heap of minute particles, *y, ne, co*, and so forth, just as the French mind is a heap of fluttering odds and ends, all alive and dancing—all *herissé*, to use their own admirable word—yet the result an inimitable medium, not for poetry nor eloquence, nor lofty reasoning, but for *chat*—which they are the only people to render neither bald nor disjointed. Latin, with all the Roman flowiness and music taken out of it, snipped, and nipped, and clipped, like a Versailles *yew-tree*. Think of French being precisely—as far as elementary structure and origin are concerned—the same tongue as Italian, and then calculate what must be the difference of idiosyncrasy from one and the same plastic substance to have produced two such fabrics. The effect is far more astonishing than if the two had had quite independent sources, and is truly an overwhelming proof of the power of national character to give its own form and pressure to language, just as the larva of the insect lends its shape to the silky envelope. It is the same as to pronunciation; where we find the process begun by cutting off all the ends—the inflection—of the grand imperial words, carried still farther, as far indeed as it will go, and all so completely

Dismembered, maimed, hacked, rent, and torn,

as nearly to have driven the Académie frantic, and to have extorted from unhappy Charles Nodier those plaintive lamentations which we may peruse with much profit in the “*Essai sur la Linguistique*,” one of the cleverest small books of the age. For instance, let us compare the words *Pacem, Salutem, et Fratritatem*—pronounced not after the abominable English guise, which Milton justly calls “as ill-hearing as law-French,” but with the true broad Trasteverine sound of the vowels—fine, rolling, organlike vocables, with a smack of the old Roman majesty in their very intonation—compare them, we say, with *pé salu, e fraternité*—*Quarterly Review*.

## THE TOWN OF GIBRALTAR.

Let us jump upon the quay, with the company of Moors just landing from a Barbary market-boat, and we shall find ourselves amidst a crowd gathered together from almost every land,—boatmen, porters, touters, and idlers, under convoy of some of whom we push our way through the crowd into the town. We are arrested as we pass, by a functionary who inquires our name and country; but the magic words “English subjects” are our “Open Sesame,” saving us all trouble either as regards our persons or effects, both being suffered to pass without further question or examination. We push over the crowded drawbridge, and through the deep gateway penetrating the outward wall, guarded by red-coated sentinels; enter the market-place, which occupies an open space between the first and second line of defences, and through which passes the only road from the town into the Spanish lines, being in consequence generally crowded with passengers, from the aristocratic officer, on his well-groomed steed, down to the smuggler from the neighbouring mountains. On this bustling spot, during the morning hours, are to be seen congregated together the different characters and costumes which confer so cosmopolitan an appearance upon Gibraltar. Here, the sole place where such a spectacle

is to be witnessed, are found those old hereditary enemies, the Spaniard and the Moor, engaged side by side in the peaceable pursuits of traffic. The appearance of both is sufficiently remarkable to arrest the attention of the passenger. The Spanish peasant is sinewy in frame, swarthy of complexion, and somewhat haughty and independent in his mien and bearing. His agile figure is well set off by his picturesque costume: his well-made limbs are encased in velvet breeches, and leggings of embroidered leather; his waist tightly girt round with a broad crimson sash, in the folds of which lurks the dangerous *navaja*, or knife, in the use of which he is so expert—the ready and fatal arbiter of every sudden quarrel; his robust shoulders are well displayed by a close-fitting jacket; his brown and sinewy throat is bare and olive-coloured, and his whiskered face surmounted by a black hat of somewhat conical form. He rides a powerful mule, adorned with crimson-coloured trappings, and by his side are slung his saddlebags and carbine.

The Moor is a magnificent fellow, massive of frame, noble of port, and his costume is well adapted to set off his physical advantages. The graceful turban, now almost discarded in Constantinople and Cairo, overshadows his oval and often strikingly handsome countenance; his garments are loose and flowing, varying according to his rank; the common market men, who bring over from Barbary, dates, fowls and eggs, wearing a plain striped robe of rough material, while the better class of traders are more richly and tastefully attired, in vests and loose trowsers of crimson cloth, and long-sleeved blue jackets, their legs naked and their feet in yellow slippers, and their personal cleanliness most scrupulous. But it is the quiet nobility of his mien which marks out the Moor as so superior to his old enemy the Spaniard, and to the mixed multitude by which he is surrounded. He may be seen in every part of Gibraltar,—in the market, the streets and the Alameda,—and always with the same statuesque dignity, and the same imperturbable gravity of demeanour. But these are not the only characters of the market-place, for here may be seen the Spanish lady, her black silk mantilla drawn gracefully over her head, and in her hand the invariable fan, with which she is skilled to express every phase of the tender passion, although both of them are here less gracefully worn and wielded than in Cadiz or Seville. The women of inferior rank are arrayed in a curious vermilion cloak, with broad black edgings. Besides these are Jews, and “scorpions,” the so-called native of the rock, red-coated English soldiers and their wives, with all the mongrel population of a town which is peopled by stragglers and refugees from Patagonia to Poland. The market itself is excellently supplied with poultry, eggs, and beef from Barbary, abundance of fine fish from the adjacent waters, and fruits and vegetables from the neighbouring parts of Spain.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

## DEATHS.

CHARLEVILLE.—On the 3rd March, the Dowager Countess of Charleville, at the advanced age of 90. Her maiden name was Dawson, and she was nearly connected with the Cremorne family. Her first husband was a gentleman of family and fortune in the county of Louth. He died in 1797, and in the following year she married the late Earl of Charleville. Her reminiscences of Dublin in its brilliant days, during the concluding quarter of the 18th century, were exceedingly interesting. She was with Grattan in his last illness, during the memorable interview with the Lord Castlereagh, when that noble lord announced to him that he was to be buried in Westminster Abbey. She was the person to whom Lord Clare communicated the remarkable fact (left unnoticed by Moore), that when Lady Edward Fitzgerald entreated Lord Clare (then Chancellor) to give her an order to see her husband in prison, Lord Clare replied:—“I have no power to give you an order, but I can take any one I like with me to visit any prisoner, and my carriage is at the door.”

COOKE.—At Cheltenham, at her residence, No. 1, Belle Vue-buildings, Miss Jane Cooke, better known in Cheltenham as Jenny Cooke. Her eccentric and penurious life, her long residence in Cheltenham, and her reputed wealth, had caused Miss Cooke to be well known to most of the inhabitants. A few years since she made a donation of 1,000*l.* to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. One of her latest charitable acts was a donation of 250*l.* towards the erection of an organ gallery in the parish church of Cheltenham.

GOLDSCHMIDT.—Late, at Göttingen, aged 44, Dr. Benjamin Goldschmidt, Director of the Observatory, and one of the professors in the university of that town. He was the pupil and fellow labourer of Gauss, and has himself published the results of his astronomical observations during a long series of years.

JACOB.—On the 20th February, Dr. Jacobi, the celebrated Professor of Mathematics at the Berlin University.

JUNOT.—Late, in his 44th year, in a lunatic asylum near Paris, Napoleon Junot, Duke of Abrantes, the elder of the two sons who survived the Marshal. Notwithstanding the great irregularities of his life, which could only be explained by partial insanity, the son of Junot possessed talents of no mean order. He was the author of several dramatic pieces, published a considerable number of romances separately, or in literary periodicals, and was an excellent classical scholar. For the last few years of his life, and during the intervals of his malady, he devoted himself to the production of what he considered his most important work—a translation of Shakespeare, in verse and prose, into French. The only surviving son of the great

Marshal, and the inheritor of his title, is now a captain on the staff of General M'Mahon, in Africa.

MELLY.—On the 19th January, in Egypt, Mr. Melly, the entomologist, and a leading Liverpool merchant. He held a high position on ‘Change, and was head of the firm of Melly, Romilly, and Co. In addition to his mercantile reputation, he was noted as an entomologist.

THOMSON.—On the 4th March in Leith Links, at the advanced age of 92, George Thomson, the correspondent of Burns. During the whole winter he had been confined to the house with cold. For several weeks past his health sensibly declined, occasioning much solicitude to his family and friends. His active intellect, however, remained unclouded to the last. Though one of his eyes had begun to fail, objects of art still excited his imagination; and even within a few days of his decease, a collection of fine old prints, when shown him by a friend, were examined and admired with a discrimination which his cultivated taste pre-eminently qualified him to exercise. Mr. Thomson’s early connexion with the poet Burns is universally known; and his collection of Scottish Songs, for which many of Burns’ finest pieces were originally written, has been before the public for more than half a century; his letters to the poet are incorporated with all the large editions of Burns. His kindness of heart and other excellent qualities will long be remembered by his friends.

## PUBLISHERS’ CIRCULAR.

WILLIAM STRANGE, one of the defendants in the suit by Prince Albert in respect of the piracy of the Royal etchings, appeared on his last examination in the Bankruptcy Court, before Commissioner Fonblanque, on Saturday. His answers were “exceedingly vague and reluctant.” In February 1849, at a time when it must have appeared quite clear to him that he was hopelessly insolvent, he sold property worth 965*l.* to his son at a reduction of 25 per cent; and then, instead of paying any of his debts, he put 500*l.* of the money in his pocket, and went abroad for a long time, till he had but a few pounds left. On the ground that the transaction with the son was unaccounted for, and unavouched to the extent of one shilling, Commissioner Fonblanque adjourned the examination *sine die*.

CAUTION TO PUBLISHERS.—Mr. James Gilbert, of 49, Paternoster-row, appeared to answer two informations, charging him with neglecting to send to the library of the British Museum copies of certain works of which he was the publisher.—Mr. Bodkin appeared for the trustees. Defendant pleaded not guilty, and conducted his own case. Mr. Bodkin said, that according to the Copyright Act every publisher was bound to send in to the British Museum a copy of every new publication, or altered edition of an old one, although such might be but a number of a series, or even a single sheet, as a chart. Defendant had been convicted of a like offence in December last. In the present case he was charged with not delivering a work, of trivial value, consisting of a collection of various articles on the late Papal aggression, gleaned from the leading journals of the day, and entitled the “*Roman Catholic Question*.” The value of the work, however, was not the question, when the great object was to obtain and preserve a complete collection of all works for the sake of exhibiting a memorial of the progress made in the diffusion of knowledge. The pamphlet in question had been published more than a month, the space allowed by the act for sending in publications. The publication and non-delivery of the pamphlet were then formally proved. Mr. Gilbert complained of being summoned here again so peremptorily, when, in a few days, he should have sent in a better copy of the pamphlet than had yet been published. He thought that when publishers were called on to contribute gratuitously copies of every work for the public use to each of the five public libraries, they ought to be treated with some consideration, especially as it was notorious that not more than one publication out of fifty paid its expenses. If, however, it was necessary to proceed against him, the authorities might have been satisfied with proceeding on one information. He further complained of the expense of delivering, which became onerous when many publications had to be sent. Mr. Bodkin said the law had been violated, and he felt bound to support the information. Sir Peter Laurie said that he must take the act as he found it. If it contained anything of hardship or injustice, the remedy must be sought through the legislature. As the law had been neglected he would fine defendant in the mitigated penalty of 2*l.* 10*s.* and costs, making in all 4*l.* 10*s.* The fines were immediately paid.

## List of New Books,

## MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART,

Published between Feb. 14, and March 14, 1851.

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

Lives of the Princesses of England. Vol. III. By M. A. Everett Green. 10*s.* 6*d.*

## BOTANY.

The Water-Lily of South America, and the Water-Lilies of our Own Land. By George Lawson, F.B.S. Illustrated. 12*mo.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Victoria Regia. By Sir W. J. Hooker, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S. Large imp.fol., illustrated by W. Fitch. 31*s.* 6*d.*

The Rhododendrons of Sik-kim-Himalaya, with coloured drawings and descriptions made on the spot. By Joseph



Dalton Hooker, M.D., F.R.S. Edited by Sir W. J. Hooker, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S. Illustrated by W. Fitch. Second Series. 25s.

## CLASSICS.

Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) Demosthenes' Oration on the Crown, with English Notes. 12mo., cloth, 4s. 6d.

## DRAMA.

The Tragedy of Galileo Galilei. By Dr. Samuel Brown. 8vo., 4s.

## EDUCATION.

Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) Henry's First Latin Book. 12mo., cloth, 3s. New edition.

Latin Grammar for Ladies. By Rev. R. W. Browne. Fcap. 8vo., 1s. 6d.

History of England. By Frederica Rowan. 1s., fancy bds.

## FICTION.

The Dreamer and the Worker. By R. H. Horne, Esq., Author of "Orion." 2 vols., 21s.

Madame Dorrington of the Dene: the Story of a Life. By William Howitt. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

Tales and Traditions of Hungary. By Francis and Theresa Pulszky. 3 vols.

Tales and Sketches of Scottish Life. 18mo., 2s.

## HISTORY.

Burke's History of the Landed Gentry for 1851. 2 large vols. 21s. 2s.

Kamenski's Age of Peter the Great. By Ivan Golovin. Post 8vo., 7s. 6d.

The Austrian Empire during its late Revolutionary Crisis. By William Peake, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Bee-keeper's Guide. By J. H. Payne, Esq. Post 8vo., 4s. Fourth edit.

A First Gallery of Literary Portraits. By George Gillilan. 8vo., 5s. Second edit.—A Second Gallery of Ditto, 10s. 6d.

The Clans of the Highlands of Scotland, with coloured delineations of the various tartans. By Thomas Simbert. Royal 8vo., 45s.

Chambers's Papers for the People. Vol. VII. 1s. 6d., fancy coloured boards.

## POETRY.

Peel's (Edmund) The Fair Island: a Poem. Fcap., cloth, 5s.

## POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Scratchley on Benefit Building Societies. Demy 8vo., 10s. 6d.

## RELIGION.

Scripture Revelations respecting Angels. By a Country Pastor. 12mo., 3s. 6d.

The Rock of Rome: or, the Arch Heresy. By Sheridan Knowles. Post 8vo., 5s. Second edition.

Sanderson's De Obligatione Conscientiæ. Edited by Dr. Whewell. Demy 8vo., 9s.

Hulsean Lectures for 1850. By Rev. W. G. Humphry. Demy 8vo., 7s.

Lectures on the Apostles. By a Country Pastor. Demy 12mo., 3s. 6d.

The Bards of the Bible. By George Gillilan. 8vo., 10s. 6d.

The Sacred Harmonist: being a selection of all the most popular Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Doxologies, &c. Edited by W. H. M'Farlane. 8vo., 2s. 6d.

Memorials of Worth. By the Rev. Robert Simpson, Sanquhar. 18mo., 2s. 6d.

Hakewill's (E. C.) Essay on the Temple, the Ark, and the Tabernacle. 4to., cloth, 15s.

Jackson's (Rev. J.) Six Sermons on Christian Character. Fcap. cloth, 4s. Third Edition.

Peele's (Rev. Dr.) Annotations on the Apostolical Epistles. Vol. III. "Thessalonians—Hebrews." 8vo., 13s.

Wilson's (Rev. B.) Plain Sermons on the Sacrament, &c. 12mo., cloth, 7s. Second edition.

Wordsworth's (Rev. Dr.) Occasional Sermons. Vol. II. 8vo., cloth, 8s.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

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## Works in the Press.

The following are some of the New Works announced for early publication.

Catherine Erlof: a novel. By the Author of "The Prediction." &c. 3 vols.

Valetta. By the Author of "Denton Hall." 3 vols.

Talvi's History of the Colonization of America. By Wm. Hazlitt, Esq. 2 vols.

The Pastors in the Wilderness: a History of the Huguenots from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the First French Revolution. By a Lutheran Divine. 3 vols.

Poems. By Thomas Simbert.

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History of the Church of England, from the Revolution to the Last Acts of Convocation, 1688—1717. By the Rev. William Palin.

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6. For persons having money which they desire to invest both securely and profitably, and in any sum, small or large, there is no such safe and advantageous method of doing so than in such a society which differs from all others in this, that there is no risk, for its funds are secured, its profits can be calculated with accuracy, and the capital is only called for as it is wanted, to be profitably employed. Any persons may be members of it, so that Solicitors can recommend it to their clients as a desirable investment.

It is remarkable that while boasting of so many flourishing Assurance Offices, the Legal Profession has not yet sought to secure for itself the still greater advantages resulting from a Reversionary Interest Society. That defect will now be supplied under peculiarly favourable circumstances.

Applications for shares in the form below, to be addressed to the undersigned, at the offices of the Law Property Assurance and Trust Society, 30, Essex-street, Strand.

HERBERT COX,  
Secretary, pro tem.

### FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the promoters of the Law Reversionary Interest and Investment Society.

GENTLEMEN,—Be pleased to allot me shares in the Society on the Terms named in the prospectus.

Yours, &c.

Name .....

Address .....

Dated .....

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|--------------------|---------|---------|-----------|---------|--------------------|---------|---------|-----------|----------|
|                    | £ s. d. | £ s. d. | £ s. d.   | £ s. d. |                    | £ s. d. | £ s. d. | £ s. d.   | £ s. d.  |
| 10                 | 1 7 6   | 1 5 4   | 46        | 3 11 6  | 3 3 2              | 40      | 2 19 9  | 2 12 0    | 13 1 9   |
| 13                 | 1 9 3   | 1 7 0   | 50        | 4 1 9   | 3 13 3             | 43      | 3 5 3   | 2 17 2    | 15 12 10 |
| 16                 | 1 11 3  | 1 9 10  | 53        | 4 11 6  | 4 2 6              |         |         |           |          |
| 20                 | 1 14 4  | 1 11 6  | 56        | 5 4 0   | 4 14 0             |         |         |           |          |
| 23                 | 1 17 0  | 1 13 8  | 60        | 6 6 0   | 5 12 6             |         |         |           |          |
| 26                 | 2 0 3   | 1 16 2  | 63        | 7 4 0   | 6 9 6              |         |         |           |          |
| 30*                | 2 5 0   | 1 19 9  | 66        | 8 4 0   | 7 10 8             |         |         |           |          |
| 33                 | 2 8 6   | 2 2 10  | 70        | 10 0 4  | 9 7 6              |         |         |           |          |
| 36                 | 2 13 0  | 2 6 4   | 73        | 11 16 2 | 11 2 6             |         |         |           |          |
| 40                 | 2 19 9  | 2 12 0  | 76        |         |                    |         |         |           |          |
| 43                 | 3 5 3   | 2 17 2  | 80        |         |                    |         |         |           |          |

\* EXAMPLE.—A Gentleman whose age does not exceed 30, may insure 1,000l. payable on his decease, for an annual payment of 22l. 10s.; and a Lady of the same age can secure the same sum for an annual payment of 19l. 17s. 6d.

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